THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884. NUMBER 6

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements Time Contracts—25 cents per inch. Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch

JOHN MCFARLAND has sold his dwelling house at Oxford Station to S. A. Stowe. Consideration $850.

REV. J. TUDOR LEWIS will preach in the Baptist Church next Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M., and also at 3 and 7 o'clock P. M.

REV. J. TUDOR LEWIS will continue his services at the Baptist Church through next week. Hours of service 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. each day.

A CHILD of Mr. and Mrs. Pat McCarrick, of Lafayette township, and an infant of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Park, of White Eyes township, were buried this week.

ON account of circumstances surrounding the agency at Burgettestown, Pa., Wm. Cole has declined the agency there and has returned to the agency at Oxford Station.

THE independent voter is the man who controls elections. The high-handed proceedings of the Ohio Legislature will probably be endorsed by the Bourbons, who are hungry for spoils, but the far-minded citizen will be free to express his condemnation.

ON PAGE eight is an announcement of a Farmers Institute to be held in Coshocton the last week in this month. The programme is well arranged, and the progressive farmer can not but be benefited by attending. The lecturers are of the ablest in the State, and are sure to treat their subjects in entertaining and instructive style. Every farmer in the county should make arrangements to attend.

MR. T. J. EDWARDS, brother of George and John Edwards and Mrs. J. W. Stanford and Mrs. J. W. Barkhurst, came to Coshocton Wednesday on the eleven o'clock train and at six o'clock that evening died at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Stanford. He had been in Colorado for the past four years. His death was caused by quick consumption together with a heart trouble. He leaves a wife. His funeral will take place Sunday, providing the waters subside in time, at the Roscoe cemetery. His age was 45.

REFERENCE was made in these columns last week to a proposed change on the mail route between Millersburg and Coshocton. The item was taken from a Millersburg paper, but the statement of the case was not fair. The change was for the better, and is to give a daily mail between Clarks and Coshocton, which will be to the greater advantage of the people, as there is no office on the present route between Clarks and Millersburg. Congressman Beriah Wilkins writes Postmaster Magaw that the change has been decided upon, and the contract will be let to commence July 1st.

MR. ROBERT MOORE, formerly a well-known citizen of the Mohawk neighborhood, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Capt. A. P. Lacey, at Washington, D. C., last week, at the age of 78 years, and his remains were brought to this county for interment. Mr. Moore was one of the earliest settlers in the county, and was the founder of what is now Mohawk M. E. Church, of which organization he remained a consistent member through life. Some few years since he disposed of his property and has since that made his home with his children, part of the time in the West and part in Washington. His life was long and useful and the future is particularly bright.

A MEETING of the directors of the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railway, was held at Columbus, Wednesday last. All the directors were present except Mr. Paul. But little business was transacted other than the appointment of an executive committee. A decision was made to put the engineers to work on the fifteenth of March and complete the survey from Wheeling to the western terminus. They will commence at Mt. Vernon and survey westward. They also decided that so soon as the money necessary was raised on any line, the bonds would be at once negotiated and work commenced at once. If therefore the people bestir themselves, they can put the road under contract and have work commenced with the opening of spring.

BOOMING WATERS.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

Just one year ago this week occurred the great flood of 1883. At that time the waters at Coshocton reached a greater height than at any time since 1860, and the loss of property was greater than ever before in the history of the county. At Cincinnati and other points on the Ohio river the flood was greater than it had been for 50 years, and the loss of property, the excruciating suffering and the sickness and desolation and death that followed, as direct outgrowths of the flood are still fresh in the minds of the people. It has been confidently believed that the flood this year, while expected, would not reach the magnitude of that of last, but it appears at this writing, that that belief was not well founded.

SIGHTS AND INCIDENTS.

During the past week the thaw and rains succeeded in starting all the rivulets and rills and tributaries of every kind, until the Tuscarawas and Walhonding rivers were soon out of bank. During the latter part of last week the water was over the road between Coshocton and Roscoe, but they somewhat subsided by Sunday; but the rains came and on Tuesday the water went over again and continued to rise, and at this writing (Thursday, 3 P. M.) is still rising at the rate of three inches per hour, and is within five inches in the Empire mill in Roscoe of the point reached in 1860.

An AGE representative visited the Roscoe side Thursday afternoon, and the scenes were far from encouraging. The lumber-yard of Messrs. Adams & Gleason was badly demolished, great stacks of lumber being knocked down, and workmen only by great effort were enabled to save it. A boom made of rope and scantling had been erected around the greater part of the yard, and it was believed it could be saved.

At the woolen factory of Thomas Wilson all operations had been discontinued, but the water did not reach the floor. A dwelling house of a son of Mr. Wilson that stands a few yards from the factory, was nearly submerged, and the family was holding themselves in readiness to move out.

At the Empire Mill of Barney, Demoss & Co., all work was discontinued of course, because the water stood 26 inches deep at 2 o'clock, and it was expected to reach the depth attained in 1860. Last week there were 500 barrels of flour stored on the first floor of the mill, and the proprietors very wisely concluded to remove to the second story, and but a few hours after the work was performed, the water came in.

The boat house of Mr. J. P. Forbes, that stood just above the Empire Mill, was held in place during the greater part of Thursday, but as the volume of water increased the current became so swift that the ropes were snapped asunder, and it went whirling down the middle of the canal.

The two rivers and the canal are one vast expanse of water, and it is believed the canal bank is badly broken.

The furniture factory of the Rose Bros. is submerged to the depth of nearly three feet; the machinery will be somewhat damaged, and lumber somewhat injured, but no lumber was lost.

On the Coshocton side the picture is even more gloomy.

Water street is within the current, and ferry boats running between the two towns run down the center of the street. The dwellings on the river side of the street are submerged to the depth of from two to five feet, and on some the water reaches to the eaves of the kitchen roofs. In those houses that have second stories, the furniture and carpets were saved from damage by being removed thereto, and some of the families are remaining in their dwellings by like method, but the greater part have moved out. Some clung to their houses so long, expecting the water to subside, that they were only enabled to get out themselves, and furniture and all household effects, including fruits and vegetables and all edibles, are destroyed.

The suffering that must ensue is not pleasant to contemplate.

TWO MEN DROWNED.

The Tuscarawas River extends from hill to hill on either side, and the current is as swift as the bullet of the rifleman, while upon the surface floats drift wood, ice, corn fodder, hay, and numerous evidences of the destruction of the elements.

Thursday afternoon Frank and James Henderson, married men, who live near Wild Turkey Lock, accompanied by a man named Murphy, went to West Lafayette in a skiff to make some purchases. About three o'clock they started to return, and near the Lafayette bridge, or a short distance above the trestle work of the Connotton Valley Railway, tarried to shoot muskrats that were swimming among the drift in great numbers. While thus engaged the boat streuk a swirl and was upset. Both the Hendersons could swim, but Murphy could not. The boat struck a log and was split in two, thus completely disabling it. The Hendersons swam for a short time, but were unable to gain a support and both were drowned. Murphy reached a tree and saved himself, although he was in the water an hour and a half, and the chill thus received will probably injure his health. One of the Hendersons is the father of the boy who was killed by lightning last summer, and Mr. Henderson, of Canal Lewisville, is a brother. Their bodies have not been recovered.

The fate of these men is peculiarly sad, as each leave families dependent upon them. Than around their firesides on Thursday night the grim monster never saw more sorrowful evidence of this blighting hand. Grief stricken wives and children mourned the loss of husband and parent and protector, while not even the comfort was granted of looking upon their earthly remains. The thought must have been maddening as they realized their loss and the fact that their beloved were then being tossed and bruised and disfigured by the onward and merciless river. The remains may be discovered in the future but the chances are against it. At least, the probabilities are that it will be long months, after decay has set in, and naught but the bones remain.

CONDITION FRIDAY MORNING.

The water continued to rise until 12 o'clock Thursday night, when it reached a point 6 inches above high water mark of 1860. The lower end of Second street is a sea, and many families were compelled to move out. Some idea may be gleaned when it is stated the water reached within a few inches of the old Central Hotel on the corner opposite Hay & Ransom's store. On Water street only two families remained in their dwellings—Frank Sells and Warren Clemmens. It is estimated that the rise is between 20 and 25 feet and the depth in the channel is from 30 to 40 feet. No exact measurement can be made as is done in cities where steamboats run and water works gauges are in use.

At this hour (eight o'clock) the waters are slowly receding—at the rate of about three-fourths of an inch per hour; but it will be several days before it will sufficiently subside to permit business to resume.

SOME BAD BREAKS IN THE RAILROAD.

Thursday morning at about two o'clock a break occurred in the Pan Handle near Lock 17, and all trains were discontinued. Three passenger trains from the west were stopped at Coshocton. Workmen were busily engaged all day in attempting to repair the break, but to no avail. Great car loads of stone were hauled, together with gravel and timber, and every effort made to check the onward sweep, but "the waves rolled over them and they were gone."

In the afternoon of Thursday, a passenger train was made up in Coshocton and started to Columbus, loaded with passengers who were brought to this point, eastward bound. As the train neared Franklin bridge, five miles west of Coshocton, the track walker signaled the engineer and stopped the train. The track for a distance of 700 feet was submerged to the depth of about four inches. The train men decided to pull through, and started slowly. As the engine steamed slowly forward with its load of human freight, the track began to crumble slowly away. The speed was increased, and the train saved, but the entire 700 feet of embankment and track melted down immediately and the mighty current of the maddened waters went rushing through.

Twenty seconds more and the train and passengers would have been hurled into eternity.

In the night time a serious break occured near Morgan's run, about three miles east of Coshocton; so that the town is completely cut off from the world, so far as railroads are concerned. No train has reached town for four days on the Connotton Valley, except an engine that came through as a feeler Thursday.

SOME LOSSES.

The water is still so high that it is impossible to calculate the pecuniary damages sustained, nor is it possible to learn who has sustained loss.

It is known that Mr. Jno. G. Stewart's land, that lies off to the left of the Canal Lewisville road, has been greatly damaged; the levee bank washed away to the extent of 75 or 100 yards, and it is said a channel cut across the best portion of the bottom land.

A Mr. Foster had nine large hay stacks on the Workman farm, for which he had been offered last week nine dollars per ton, but refused it, holding for a better price. All of it was lost.

The slaughter house used by Mr. Martin, the butcher, located in the "forks," near the Roscoe bridge, was carried away, including all the paraphernalia for butchering. The loss, while not great, will be annoying.

The levee bank on toe Howard Miller farm, in Jackson township, is broken and the land badly damaged.

A large quantity of lumber in the yard of Adams & Gleason, mentioned above, was carried away Thursday evening late, and we hear it rumored that their loss is estimated at $1000.

At Trenton, in Tuscarawas county, a county bridge was carried away.

The new county bridge about two miles west of Newcomerstown, in this county, was badly damaged by the piers being washed, and word was received here Thursday that it was expected to go down, but the report has not been verified this (Friday) morning.

A BOTTOMLESS WELL.

On the lot known as the old Burns corner, is a well into which the water is flowing. It commenced to run in at four o'clock on Thursday, ran in great volume all night, but the well did not fill or get any deeper. In 1860 the same thing occurred. The most scientific observer of the flood fails to account for the curiosity. It has been suggested that a thirsty Democratic bummer is in the bottom, and thinking it is beer that flows in, manages to swallow it all. This is not verified, however.

AT OTHER POINTS.

No mails have been received for 60 hours, and as a consequence the condition of affairs at Cincinnati and other points can not be learned. The latest from Cincinnati by telegraph is that the river has reached 68 feet and still rising, and it is expected to go to 70 feet, which is 3 feet 8 inches more than last year. All who remember the great suffering of last year can form some idea of what is to be expected this.

DRIFT WOOD.

Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels appeared in the Opera House Wednesday evening. The breaks in the railroads prevented them leaving, and they are still with us. They appeared a second time Thursday evening, and may do so again. Hash they must have, and slim houses are better than no income at all.

Mr. Chis Haller has been seriously ill for ten days or more. The water chased the family out, and Chris was taken to a neighbors in a skiff. Fears are entertained that the chill will go hard with him.

A Mrs. Doyle gave birth to a child but one week ago, but the water did consult her interests, and she was taken out in a boat. She stood the excitement well.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart had taken refuge in the second story determined to stay with the dear old home, but the boys persuaded them to take up their abode with Mr. Geo. Ross, a brother-in-law.

Newcomerstown is more than a mile from the river, but the water is in the streets of the town, and four inches deep on the railroad.

Evening prayers will be said in Trinity Church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9.30

The Sunday School of Trinity Church desire to return thanks to Mrs Julia Bedell, wife of the Rt. Rev. Bishop for a check of $10. to be expended for the library.

PROTRACTED meeting at Chalfants Church in Washington Township, continued 3 weeks, resulted in ten accessions. The sisters of the church held the fort, and the ten converts were all sisters. Pretty good for Leap Year.

Shall Coshocton Have Glass Works?

The following correspondence explains itself:

Dithridge Chimney Co. Limited Manufacturers of the Original Genuine Dithridge Lamp Chimneys and Silvered Glass Reflectors, 99 Buena Vista St., Allegheny, Pa., February 1, 1884.

JACKSON HAY, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: Would it be worth while to make a proposition to your citizens for the establishment of a first-class works for the manufacture of glass, *not* window glass or bottles, but fine, elegant ware that would give employment to from 125 to 200 persons. If they would like to have something of the kind established there, and are free-handed enough to make a moderate donation of land and some money for the erection of the works, I think, if the location is favorable in every respect, that I could have one in operation by July 1st that would be a credit to your place. All my skilled workmen would be interested with me, as I should not employ a single one unless he was interested to the extent of at least $500, and by this means do away with all possibilities of strikes. I can get all the men needed on this basis, and those who have not got enough to pay in at first will enter into a written agreement to leave from 20 to 30 per cent. of their wages remain toward paying for their interest. One of the most prosperous concerns in this State is managed on this basis, and is always busy when other concerns are standing idle. Please let me hear from you.

Yours truly,

E. D. DITHRIDGE.

Mr. H. C. Herbig, Cashier of the Commercial Bank, replied to Mr. Dithridge, asking for further explanation of what would be expected of the citizens, and received in reply the following:

ALLEGHENY, PA., Feb. 5, 1884.

H. C. HERBIG ESQ., COSHOCTON, OHIO. DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 4th to hand. I am going away to-day to look at a location in this State that the parties have been urging me to come and see for the past six months, but unless I find it diferent to what I now think, I shall not do anything. If your location is what I think it is, I should require at least two acres of level ground somewhere on the outskirts of the town, and a bonus of from $15,000 to $20,000, which amount could be paid in installments extending over some time, and I would furnish the balance needed to run the business. My main factory building would be 70 by 200 feet, two and three stories high, besides smaller buildings disconnected from the main. The volume of business would run from $200,000 to $250,000 per year, and employ a large number of extra skilled hands, among whom would be quite a number of artists and painters. I would also give employment to a number of young ladies in the painting and decorating department of the business, among whom we should want a number of learners. In this department the instruction and practice they would get in free hand painting, in the way of painting flowers of all kinds, birds and animals, would be equal to anything they would get in any school of design in the country.

However, it would be better for me to come out and see the location and have a talk with you, which I will do next week, if upon receipt of your answer you should think it advisable.

Truly yours,

E. D. DITHRIDGE.

To this Mr. Herbig has replied in substance that the town is not in position to donate so much money; and while this is true in the abstract, it is a deplorable fact, and is attributable to acts in the recent past that will for many years rest as a stigma upon the business integrity of the village. About one year ago the question of issuing bonds to aid in the securing of manufacturing was discussed in public meetings and through the newspapers; and the history of the transaction is familiar to readers of this journal. It is unpleasant to dwell upon and shall not at this time be repeated.

The proposition of Mr. Dithridge is a fair one, and if made to many towns we might name, would be accepted instantly. Newark or Canton in this immediate vicinity, judging from past experience, would take it up at once, and by the time warm weather reaches us would be under way.

The co-operate plan proposed is a guarantee that if built it would be a permanent and useful establishment, because the skilled workmen having their money invested would bend all their energy to make a success.

The company in which Mr. Dithridge is interested, is one of the most extensive in the East, and the quality of their manufactures is not excelled.

If they could be induced to locate here; or more properly speaking, if the people of Coshocton could be induced to open their eyes to their own interests, and say openly and emphatically to Mr. Dithridge, come, and we will give you what you want, there is no doubt as to the advantages that would accrue. One hundred and twenty five hands engaged means an increase in population of not less than 300, because the boom that must necessarily follow the establishment of such an enterprise would result in bringing many people here who were not directly connected therewith.

If the "Board of Improvements" can be found by the aid of a search warrant, it might be a good idea for them to bend their energies in this direction; and capitalists who are building or have built monuments to themselves in the shape of brick walls, would be doing themselves and community a business favor by aiding and encouraging the establishment of works like those proposed above.

It Makes Us Blush.

From the Guernsey Times.

In this day of low-class country journalism it is refreshing to recognize in a few papers that purity and forcibleness of editorial opinion, that care and honesty in the local work and that general excellence which is really high class and which should characterize every paper in a land where the country papers are so eminently the political and moral mentors of the country people. In this section of Ohio we have a distinguished few of such papers. It gives us pleasure to mention THE COSHOCTON AGE as one of these. The good qualities above cited are the more readily appreciated in it as the typographical department of the paper is excellently conducted. This much is due to an editor who runs as good a paper as does Brother Meek.

AT CHALFANTS CHURCH, in Washington Township, during the revival exercises on the evening of the 29th ult, two horses were borrowed by parties unknown. The horses belonged to Mr. F. A Stafford and Mr. Wm. Wilson. They were found next day near the Bedford Township line at McCluggages. The parties who borrowed them did not return to thank the owner. It wasn't safe. Some parties of the same place, went into the stable of Mr. W. H. Trego, and cut up halters and harness etc. The amount of damage is not very great but Mr. Trego is anxiously inquiring who did it.

MRS. ABSOLOM WOLFORD, of Jackson township, quite an old lady, died Monday last.

County Commissioners

Met in special session last Monday. Bills to the amount of $7,723.81 were allowed.

A petition from citizens of Coshocton asking the erection of hitching racks along east side of public square was referred to their adviser, and in his opinion the Commissioners had no such authority.

A petition was presented signed by J. S. McVey, and 153 other residents and taxpayers of the Walhonding Valley, asking for the erection of a bridge across the Walhonding River at or near the Rodehaver ford in New Castle township, and the Auditor was instructed to advertise notice of the intention of the Commissioners to build a bridge.

Settled with Moses Chaney for superstructure of a bridge in Jackson township.

The following resolution was offerred and adopted by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That all advertising hereafter required to be made in a newspaper printed in the English language be made in the Coshocton Democrat and Democratic Standard, and that the compensation allowed by law for such publication be equally divided between said newspapers, providing they both make said publication, and in the event that but one of said newspapers above named makes the publication said newspaper making the same shall be paid the full amount allowed by law for so doing.

Board then adjourned to meet in regular session March 3rd.

Bakersville.

Married February 1, Mr. W. B. Porter, of Keene township, and Miss Lola M. Lockard, of White Eyes township, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. T. Hoak. They will leave in two weeks for their future home in southern Kansas.

The revival that has been in progress for the past week in the M. E. Church, still continues with interest. We hope much good will be done before these meetings come to a close.

Another effort is being made to get a railroad through this place. Let the people along Evans Creek do their utmost to encourage the effort, for it may be the last.

Buckeye City, Knox County.

G. W. Barnes, of Antioch Lodge No. 286, Tried and Accepted Masons, departed this life lately and was buried according to Masonic ritual; also Brother R. S. Rook died and was buried by the same Lodge, at his request, Brother J. R. Tilton, Master, officiating.

Our drinking hells continue in full blast, and some few of us would that God would rain hell fire and brimstone upon them and burn up all the breweries and distilleries in the world. We would like to dry up the cow and then the calves would quit sucking. It seems that the saloons in this region have lately taken a new impetus for evil. Each one has its gambling attachment as a prefix. Business is rather dull on account of the thaw. R.

Notice.

The partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of McNeil & Johnson has been this day dissolved by mutual consent, G. C. McNeil withdrawing. J. K. Johnson succeeds to the business of the late firm, and assumes all liabilities thereof and collects all outstanding accounts.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm will please call and settle.

G. C. MCNEIL.
J. K. JOHNSON.

Coshocton, O., Feb. 1884. 2t

Our Patrons.

Having sold our entire stock of goods to Messrs. Biggs & Crawford, we wish them well and ask you to call on them for what you need.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will call immediately and settle. All accounts must be closed up. Mr. Lloyd W. Pocock will be ready to settle with you.

J. POCOCK & SONS.

Notice!

Whereas the Legislature of our State enacted laws to protect the farmer against professional hunters and trespassers, and whereas forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, therefore we the undersigned as members of this association do agree to enforce the laws upon our statutes against hunting, especially section 6966 (as amended April 3, 1882, [illegible] Ohio vol. 80, p.94) which app[illegible] [illegible]ting or trespassing on the la[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] gone out of the world in darkness. And we [illegible] portentious. Gather up other of any [illegible] law, and to assist in the prosecution of the same.

J. H. Swigert, Francis Boyd, John Daugherty, Frederick Alpeter, Samuel Wier, C. C. Geese, Philip Diebel, Wm. A. Need, Thos. Hamilton, John Hamilton, Sr., Christopher Geese, John A. Thomas, James Moore, A. T. Boyd, A. Hamilton, George W. Geese, Edwin Powell, Theodore Powell, J. S. Lockard, Jonas Brown, Edwin Smith, Z. T. Everhart, Charles Johnson, David Gardener, David Ewing, George W. Need.

THE friends of T. A. Stafford of Washington Township, gave him and his excellent wife a surprise, Saturday, Feb. 2, being the 41st anniversary of their wedding day.

H. F. WOLFE has sold his store at Oxford Station to S. A. Stowe, possession to be given March 15.

A Card.

Wsll you be so kind as to give me through your paper, an opportunity to thank my many neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us in the late sickness and death of my wife. I take this opportunity to express to them my sincere gratitude for their kindness in our afflictions. JOSEPH LAWREY.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that I. H. Hurlbutt will conduct my business at Coshocton as heretofore.

D. M. MOORE.

Coshocton, O., Jan. 29th, 1884.

For Sale.

Farm of 38½ acres situated ¼ mile from Plainfield. All necessary buildings on the premises, and is underlaid with a good vein of coal. For particulars or terms, call on or address, James Magness, Plainfield, O.

Wanted.

To rent a desirable dwelling house of six to eight rooms. Call on or address A. Berkowitz, Standard Clothing Store, Main street.

FOR three years Mr. R. C. Wright of Gaston, N. C., had been an intense sufferer from Rheumatism. His friend, J. A. Warwick, of Petersburg, Va., writes: "Before the first bottle of Athlophoros was finished he was able to walk, and now goes about all over the farm." In this case, which the friend of Mr. Wright regarded as desperate, a test was made of Athlophoros. It surprised friend and patient by its prompt and thorough action on the blood and diseased parts, and won the emphatic opinion that it was truly a specific for Rheumatism.

CONSUMPTION has been, and can be cured by Downs' Elixir. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 6.

It is said that Mr. Lowenstein has prepared a bill which has received the endorsement of the Democratic caucus, and will be introduced at the first opportunity, radically changing the method of electing councilmen in certain cities, including Columbus. It provides for the election of councilmen at large, and not from the different wards, as now. It would, if it became a law, make the council all Democratic or all Republican, except in cases of partisan leniency, which in these days is very infrequent. It would practically disfranchise the minority, but as the minority in Columbus, Cincinnati and other cities is Democratic, the Democrats do not care for the manifest injustice. It is a measure of the most partisan kind and offensive type, and is in strict consonance with the Democratic idea of spoils.

Another bill of Mr. Lowenstein, that providing that the State shall pay for improvements to all property abutting on State property, is in a State of dissolution. It is now in the hands of the Committee on Municipal Corporations, who have not yet deigned to formally consider it. The Committee headed by Mr. Coghan, of Cincinnati, will probably vote adversely to the bill.

The convict contract labor bill introduced early in the session by Mr. Jones, of Jackson, is still in the hands of the Committee on Prisons and Prison Reforms. Mr. Jones expressed some hope of his bill, if not of its passage, at least the adoption of some of its features. The salient features of the bill are: The assumption of the control by the State of the manufactories within the State prison; the disposition of prison products among the various benevolent and corrective institutions throughout the State, so far as their needs require; and then the sale of these products to the people at not less than the wholesale market price; the establishment of an institution intermediate between the county jails and the penitentiary for those guilty of the less flagrant offenses; the releasing of prisoners on parole at the discretion of the Penitentiary authorities, and their final discharge after a period of probation if they have properly behaved themselves; the payment to prisoners on their discharge of the amount which they have earned over and above the cost of keeping them; also for the classification of prisoners in the Penitentiary. Mr. Jones has given the subject a considerable amount of thought and his bill embodies many excellent ideas. The Warden of the Penitentiary has an entirely different idea of prison labor and discipline, however, and his ideas come from experience. Mr. Jone's idea and that of Mr. Myers, who has a rival bill, is to take this ability to cripple outside manufacturers out of the hands of private individuals, and put it in the hands of the State, even if the State is crippled thereby.

Senator Reed, of the Committee to investigate the charges against Senator Fassett, says that no one has appeared before them in person to testify on either side.

HIGH HANDED PROCEEDINGS.

An exciting parliamentary contest, in many respects one of the most disgraceful scenes that has transpired in the Ohio House of Representative, commenced on Friday afternoon, and was renewed and continued through Saturday morning.

A full report of the same we take the liberty of appropriating from the State Journal.

The quarrel arose over a report (Mr. Bargar) from the judicary committee, recommending the passage of the Lowenstein bill, as amended by the Democratic caucus last Wednesday night.

These amendments make the bill an extra copy of the Scott law, with two exceptions, the tax shall be paid semi-annually in June and December, and the McConnellsville section stricken out entirely.

Mr. Thorp demanded a call of the House, and said: It is well-known Democrats decide in secret caucus, on all political measures; thirty-one Democrats control that body and legislation absolutely. We have forty-five members on this (the Republican) side and the question is, shall thirty-one be a majority over forty-five? Republicans stand squarely on the Scott law, and are determined to have their rights here, and this was a sufficient explanation on the action they were about to take on this report of the judiciary committee.

Continued on 8th Page.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

WHATCOM, W. T., Jan. 20th.

The difference between Victoria and the cities just across the way in Van Ikeedom, is simply the difference between an active, enterprising, generally well to do people, and a careless, disheartened, indifferent people, all suffering from too much lymphatic temperament.

Victoria is not a dead town by any means, but it is entirely wanting in essentials to makes it claim good to be a live one. There is an absence of public spirit—and for that matter, private spirit, too—that would induce the belief that the town had dropped down from somewhere, and had been undisturbed ever since it dropped. It is in no stage of completion, in no particular point of progress, and where, when, and how it got its commencement is what puzzles everybody. Streets there are none, but simply by-ways, which the Englishman calls roads, because they afford passage for a wagon, if not too wide.

Indeed, everything partakes—and partakes largely—of the lethargy of its population. Between salmon fishing and canning and loafing, there is not much to be seen going on either in or around Victoria; yet its harbor is the best in the world, and its facilities for transportation to the coast are not inferior to those of Portland or Seattle.

Whatcom, whose bounds and people are all American, is a town in the strongest contrast with Victoria, and whose 7,000 of population have sprung up and out-stripped her English neighbor in enterprise within three years past. Here is activity in all branches of all industries that have a foot-hold, and ideas; which play no part with the splenetic Englishman, enter into everything that is accomplished through the indomitable spirit.

Thus with the first imbarkation upon the work of founding this new town, came the school and church and newspaper, followed necessarily by the bank, insurance company and such manufactories as the country demands. The completion of the railroad from Tacoma to Seattle has had a most enlivening effect upon the immediate region, which has extended to Whatcom—whose people are expecting to welcome the iron horse over the trunk lines and branches of more than half a dozen rail roads that are promised.

Port Townsend, which is a trifle beyond Seattle on the Sound, is one of the ports of entry, at which, in addition to the duties already devolving upon the custom house officers, they are made to keep the sharpest kind of a look-out for the numerous attempss that are made to smuggle Chinamen into the Territory in violation of the law.

There is not a doubt that there are organizations here by the score, whose business is that of Chinese smuggling, all having their headquarters at Victoria, where the Johnnies are congregated in large numbers after their dismissal from employment upon railroads public buildings, and private work and the like throughout British Columbia It appears that these smugglers operate a kind of underground railway after the fashion of the abolitionists of former days in the running off of slaves. They use a small schooner or row boats with sails, having a carrying capacity of ten or fifteen Chinamen at a trip.

The smugglers get $15 advance on every Chinaman shipped, and $15 more when he is safely landed. They scoot around among the islands of the Sound, evading the revenue cutters, whose smoke enables them to secure the friendly shelter of some of the innumerable places of concealment afforded by the extensive surroundings. Despite the alertness with which the smugglers almost generally elude capture, they are sometimes caught off their guard by the vigilance of the revenue officers, who have at times succeeded in capturing a good fleet of smuggling boats, which were duly confiscated.

As there is no special penalty other than the mere seizure of the vessels engaged in the traffic, the business is rapidly increasing in extent, as the inducement of making fortunes and the very loose provisions of the law make it both safe and remunerative.

Officeholder.

The office held by the kidneys is one of importance. They act as nature's sluice-way to carry off the extra liquids from the system and with them the impurities both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging of inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, strengthening them and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-Wort.

Corrupt Influence of Money.

The growth of corporate wealth and strong combinations of private capital throughout the country threaten to sap the foundations of public virtue and ruin our free institutions. The will of the many is fast being superceded by that of the few, and scarcely an election, National, State or municipal, takes place which is not largely carried through the use of money. Corporations and combinations representing private interests readily embark in this corrupting work, and substitute their dictum for that of the public.

For years the State of New Jersey has groaned beneath the sway of the old Camden & Amboy corporation. The managers of that corporation made Governors, Legislatures and courts. Its successor, the Pennsylvania Company, governs through the same corporate influence, and it is only three or four years ago when the popular Republican candidate for Governor, Hon. F. A. Potts, was overthrown at the eleventh hour by the use of money paid out by this corporation. Other States have been subjected to like treatment at the hands of some corporate power.

The election in Ohio last fall was carried through the corrupt influence of money contributed by an organized liquor interest, and the same combination, using the same corrupt means, controlled the Ohio Congressional elections of 1882. The Demoralizing means used to govern elections enter into the choice of Senators, and there are men now holding seats in the highest legislative body in the land, who are the servants and representatives of gigantic corporations and not of the States from which they hail. The Lower House of Congress, too, as well as the several State Legislatures is filled with those who either represent corporate power or some single interest with wealth at its command. As a natural result of this state of affairs legislation is shaped to meet the views of corruptionists and not to subserve the public interest.

The liquor dealers who bought the Democratic party into power in this State are demanding as their reward that two millions of dollars per annum, which they now pay in taxes, shall be transferred from themselves to the general tax-payers of the counties and municipalities. In turning to Washington, we discover an organized body of distillers and others [illegible] the means of corruption in the [illegible] to have the [illegible] enty or eighty [illegible] will be broken April 1st, and the rights and equalities of citizens the next two years, i.e., [illegible] bonded period for that length of time.

Railroad corporations also have their lobby at the National Capital, with a view to preventing the confiscation of unearned land grants, and a gigantic telegraphic corporation is engaged in fighting against the proposed government telegraph. Through these vast monopolies and combinations money will flow like water, and many a man sent to Washington poor will return laden with the spoils of corruption.

The people of the country are well convinced that millions of dollars were stolen from the treasury by a combination of mail contractors and public individuals, and yet the government was powerless against the corrupting influence of money to secure their conviction! We might go on and bring out many more of the blacker shades of this picture, but it is needless. Enough has been already said to convince the most skeptical that the country is being endangered by the use of money in politics and to promote or defeat legislation affecting corporate or private interests.

That there are legitimate expenses to be borne in every election we are free to admit, but there is nothing honest in the wholesale bribery of voters and the purchase of election judges Unless this growing evil is taken in hand and eradicated the time will come when public virtue and republican institutions will both have become things of the past.

AN Illinois man had accumulated a few thousands, and his health was such as to convince him that he had not much left of life. He picked out the scriptural clause "Lay up treasure in heaven," and believed he could obey. The process that he invented was to convert his wealth into paper money and burn it prayerfully on the altar. He went so far as to build the altar and kindle a sacrificial fire, but he had burned only $10 when his relatives forcibly deprived him of his religious liberty.

A farmer from Pocahontas county, Va., appeared in Staunton the other day, searching for an auction block and auctioneer. He was dumb-founded when told that there were no slave auctions in Virginia He returned to his mountain home unable to sell the two slaves he desired to sell. He had cultivated his farm all these years in ignorance of the emancipation proclamation.

INTIMIDATION IN THE SOUTH.

Messrs. Sherman and Mahone Denounce the Alleged Election Outrages.

In the discussion in the United States Senate on Senator Sherman's resolution, ordering an investigation into the alleged election outrages in Virginia and Mississippi. The Democrats took no part, and Messrs. Sherman and Mahone only spoke.

Mr. Sherman said that the recent events in Mississippi and Virginia demanded a full and impartial investigation of the causes which led to them, and of the proper constitutional remedy to prevent their recurrence. If the allegations contained in the resolution were true, then in both Virginia and Mississippi conspiracies had been organized to subvert the freedom of elections accompanied by murder and violence in many forms. "If," he said, "they are true, then in those communities the members of our party and our race have no rights which the prevailing majority is bound to respect."

If the riot and massacre at Danville were a part of machinery devised by a party to deter another party or a race from the freedom of elections or the free and open expression of political opinions, then they constitute a crime against the National Government, and the highest duty of the Government was to maintain, at every hazard, the equal rights and privileges of the citizens.

If the events in Copiah county, Miss., involved the crime of an organized conspiracy of a party or a race to deprive another party or race of the enjoyment of their unquestioned rights, then it became a National question, which must be dealt with by the National Government. Mr. Sherman continued:

No man should be allowed to hold a seat in either House of Congress whose election was secured by crimes such as are depicted here. If the essential rights of citizenship are overthrown by a State or by the people of a State with the sanction of the local authorities, then Congress, as the legislative power of the United States, is bound to provide safeguards, and should exhaust all the powers of the Government to maintain the rights of citizenship.

If the time has come when members of the Republican party cannot enjoy their constitutional rights, are murdered at the ballot box without fear on the part of their murderers or punishment, and are driven from their homes by outrage and terror, then it is time for [illegible], open and manly assertion of the rights and equalities of citizens shall be maintained and enforced at every hazard.

If the Copiah resolutions are the creed of the Democratic party in the South, the war was indeed a failure. They seem to me the very germ of despotism and barbarity; and yet I am assured by a gentleman friendly to them, that they are the creed of nine-tenths of the party in power in Mississippi.

In this investigation I would seek this palliation for the conduct of the people complained of. But when this concession is made to them I would demand that in the States under this control the freedom and equality of rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution to all citizens shall be secured by the State Government, or shall be asserted and maintained by the National Government.

Mr. Mahone then spoke in favor of the resolution. He said that Virginia had endeavored to observe her faith to the Nation, and the violence displayed at Danville was at variance with the sentiments of her people, and should not be ascribed to them as a whole. He added:

Faction leaders, for their own purpose, have set on foot a shotgun scheme to compel irresolute and timid voters to endorse at the polls principles which had already been repudiated. This investigation, if ordered, will expose these methods. Virginia has no cause of hostility against the colored people who in large part compose her population. They are a factor in her life for which no other can be substituted and between the races, as between classes, there is a community of interests on which is dependent the happiness and welfare of all.

I rejoice that personal slavery is not legalized in Virginia, and that all men are liberated to an even chance in the race of life. In Virginia, the colored people ask no more, and the white man there who envies him this privilege and apprehends his supremacy reproaches the intelligence and manhood of his own race.

To discover the gross violations of human rights which have been committed in Virginia during the late political campaign and to find and apply the remedy, I take to be the object of the proposed investigation. I have no fear that the State will suffer from the inquiry. On the contrary, I am confident that she will emerge from it, free from all stain upon the reputation of the majority of her people, while upon a violent faction will be found the responsibility and the blood of her murdered citizens.

The resolution was agreed to, 33 to 29.

Thirteen Years' Dyspepsia

"I suffered with dyspepsia thirteen years," writes John Albright, Esq., of Columbus, O. "Samaritan Nervine cured me." As it always cures such disorders. At druggists.

GENERAL SHERMAN TALKS.

He Would Not Have the Office Under Any Circumstances.

Washington Correspondence Philadelphia Press.

When General Sherman was here the other day I heard him talk very freely on the subject of the great office. He spoke of his quiet home in St. Louis, his love of ease and leisure, with time to do what he wanted to do without thinking that he was neglecting something important; his easy circumstance in a worldly sense, his active, sacrificing life, his hard knocks in the world, his sixty-four years of age, the few years of health that would naturally remain to him, the good name that he held in the country, and his honorable place in history. "What," said he, "would the Presidency be worth to me in the face of these things? I would not take it if every voter in the country asked me. What does it entail? Look back and see if I could afford to take it even if it were offered to me—and on this point I think my friends have an exaggerated idea, for I do not believe the country is very much concerned as to whether I am a candidate or not."

He spoke of Lincoln's four years of anxiety, ending with a bullet in his brain; of Johnson, his impeachment and his death in poverty and obscurity; of Grant, leaving an honored life position, enduring eight years of misery in the White House and coming out a poor man to battle with bulls and bears of Wall street; of Hayes and his present obscure position; of Garfield, badgered for four months and then killed, and of Arthur and his present unhappy life. Then he added:

"Now, why should I want the Presidency? I cannot serve the country. I cannot do anything that other men may not do. At the end of four years, were I President, I should be hated by half the country, though I might have tried my best to be a good and faithful office. There is nothing in it, my friend, and nothing could induce me to take it."

An Educational Bill.

Senator Blair has reported from the Committee on Education and Labor, a substitute for his educational bill introduced at this session of Congress.

The bill provides that for the purpose of securing the benefits of common school education to all the children living in the United States, there shall be appropriated annually for ten years a sum of money beginning with $15,000,000 and diminished by $1,000,000 in each succeeding year, which sum shall be paid out to each of the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia in that proportion which the whole number of persons of ten years and over in such State or Territory or in the District, who cannot read and write, bear to the whole number of such persons in the United States, according to the census of 1880.

It provides that no part of the money shall be paid out to any State or Territory which shall not, during the first five years of the operation of the act, annually expend for the maintenance of the common schools at least one-third of the sum which shall be allotted it by this proposed education fund, and during the second five years a sum at least equal to the whole amount of the allotment made to it.

MRS. MARTIN, of Omaha, didn't scream when she unlocked her room and saw a burglar. On the contrary she marched him into a police station. The Omaha Bee sketches the scene: "A big strapping fellow, fully six feet high, with broad shoulders and heavy frame, came marching up the street with his head hanging and looking decidedly sheepish. Right behind him walked a little woman, of average height and slim build, but in her eye was a determined look, and what looked more determined was a five shooter which she carried in her right hand, with the muzzle in a direct line with the big fellow's head. The revolver was cocked, and the prisoner knew from the look in her eye that a misstep meant leaden pills for him. After the lady had turned her man over to an officer she put away the pistol."

THE trade in frozen meat from the Australasian colonies of England has advanced within three years to a most important condition. In 1880 only 400 carcasses were imported, while in 1883 no fewer than 193,645 were landed in England, 62,733 from Australia and 139,732 from New Zealand. Twenty-one cargoes arrived in a perfectly satisfactory condition, seven were not quite so good, and three were bad. Colonial mutton is in greater demand than colonial beef.

DECORATIVE ART.—Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c. 10c. Druggists keep them. Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

THERE are 30,360 members of the Methodist Church in South Africa.

A CANADIAN railway official is sixty years old and has thirty-three children.

A WOMAN 108 years old in Whitefield county, Ga., asked to be baptized recently.

SPARTA, Ga., has only 1,000 inhabitants, and yet two bar-rooms there pay $750 each for license.

CASHMERE shawls are embroidered almost entirely by men, and sometimes a single garment represents the work of three generations.

THE value of the estate of Charles Delmonico, who died after begging for coffee, and to be allowed to sit by fires, and to ride, is five millions of dollars.

THE charge against a California Judge is of frivolity, and the specification is that he puts his hair in papers every night, woman fashion, to make it curl when he is on the bench next day.

IN Wurtemberg, the Minister of the Interior has ordered the police authorities to take care that no one of either sex under 16 is permitted to dance in public places, except at wedding festivities.

HUNTERS have set fire to the prairies of the Great Sioux Reservation, and are driving the buffaloes before the flames toward the settlements, where they are slaughtered by the thousands.

WITHIN a few years past ninety schools, with 130 teachers, have been planted within the strongholds of Mormondom by money from New England and elsewhere, and the number is rapidly increasing.

HERR Johann Frantz Luther heads a colony of Germans, 500 strong, who are one their way to Southern California, where they will settle as farmers. They will not even plant vineyards, such is their hostility to all that intoxicates.

A KANSAS CITY butcher stood close to a door with a long, sharp knife in his hand. The door was just then violently opened, and the blade was driven into his body. The wound inflicted would not have proved fatal; but the pain was great and he cruelly stabbed himself to death.

AT the last election in York, Eng., the first under the new Corrupt Practices Act, the expenses of Sir F. Milner, the successful Tory candidate, were $4,000, and of Lockwood, Liberal, $3,500. At a previous election James Lowther spent over $25,000 in an unsuccessful effort to keep his seat.

THE Supreme Court of Iowa decides that a wife deserted by her husband, without her fault, and left with no means of providing for her family of young children, has authority to sell the personal property of her husband to obtain money.

A VENDER of a nostrum in Baltimore takes a position on a street corner, rolls up his shirt sleeves, disclosing very muscular arms, and exercises with a heavy dumb-bell. A crowd is quickly attracted, and to them he sells a medicine, which, he declares, will make anybody as strong as he is.

A NEW religious sect in Boston holds that disease is caused by the absence of God from the body, and that it can be cured by the passage of the divine affluence from the well to the sick as they sit with their spines in contact. It is said to number among its votaries people of influence and prominence, and some whose names are as familiar as household words.

ACCORDING to the last census returns, the population of Sweden has increased from 1,763,000 in 1750 to 4,572,245, the most populous provinces being those in the south, as they have 38 inhabitants per square mile, while the northern provinces have only 33. Next to Stockholm, which has a population of 176,745, the largest towns are Gothenburg, 78,313; Malmo, 39,512; Norrkoping, 27,231; Gefle, 18,526; Cariscrona, 18,276; Jonkoping, 19,109, and Upsal, 16,346. The increase of the population would be much greater but for the number of emigrants from Sweden, the average for the last few years being over 60,000.

THE late Representative Mackey, of South Carolina, is said to have first met Miss Sumter, who afterward became his wife, when she was twelve years old and he twenty-three. She was beautiful but uneducated and poor. He obtained her mother's permission to have her educated at Oberlin at his expense, and she spent five years there, during which time he did not see her until the day before she graduated, when he and her mother went to Oberlin to witness the exercises and bring her home. On their way back to Charleston the party stopped at Philadelphia, Bishop Simpson was called in and the young couple were made husband and wife.

NOT within the last twenty years have the salmon fisheries of Scotland proved so successful as during 1883. They yielded to Billingsgate alone 5,198,400 pounds. The total supply of salmon received at Billingsgate from January to December 31, 1883, was 7,715,848 pounds. The salmon streams of England only contributed 339,150 pounds of that quantity.

A CONVICT who escaped from the Louisiana State prison, walked hard all night and by daylight was forty miles away. Fearing detection because of his striped garb, he went boldly to a negro farmhouse and told the owner he was a circus performer disabled by rheumatism, and offered to swap the costume for ally old suit of ordinary clothes. The bargain was quickly made, and the runaway continued his flight in safety.

"WATER CRESS MARY" was the sobriquet of a middle-aged woman who died in Poughkeepsie a few days ago. For nearly twenty years she was a familiar figure on the streets of the city. When a young girl, on the eve of her marriage, her intended husband was called home to Germany by the death of a wealthy parent. Until her death Mary waited patiently for his return. The young German started to return, but was shipwrecked. Mary retired to a little lone cottage, where she led a solitary life until her death, a few days ago.

A BILL has been introduced in the Kentucky Legislature for the establishment of a penitentiary in Louisville. The company asking for a charter prays to be exempted from State or municipal taxation and to possess exclusive privileges within Jefferson county. The promotors desire for the present to conceal their names, but The Courier-Journal is assured that they are men of character who intend to conduct the business in a decent manner and especially in a way to commend cremation to persons upon whom the expenses of a funeral are a heavy burden.

THE death warrant of a California murderer was issued some time since, directing the execution to take place on the 14th of last month. The Supreme Court subsequently ordered a stay of execution, and the Governor issued a reprieve until March 25th. The doomed man now claims release on the ground that he did not want the reprieve, and that the Governor had no right to postpone the hanging, after having once fixed the day for it, against the will of the party directly concerned. In the opinion of good lawyers, the point is well taken, and it is believed the man will save his neck by reason of not having consented to the postponement of his own death.

A STRANGE sort of animal has been rifling the graves in a cemetery in Wood county, Ohio. The excited citizens have made little efforts to capture or kill the beast; its remarkable powers for speed in burrowing carrying it out of harm's way, though sight of it has twice been had. The animal is said to be about three feet long, black, except its neck and breast, which are white, and is armed with long, sharp claws. The negroes of the neighborhood regard this ghoul with superstitious dread, and prophesy great harm to those who may kill it. The more intelligent incline to the belief that it is some animal escaped from a menagerie.

THE English trade in frozen meat from the Australian colonies is making progress. In 1880 only 400 carcasses were imported, while in 1883 193,645 were landed in England, being 62,733 from Australia and 129,732 from New Zealand. Twenty-one cargoes arrived in a perfectly satisfactory condition; seven were not so good, while three were unquestionably bad. For New Zealand meat the lowest prices obtained were 10c a pound for sheep and 15c for lambs. In the case of Australian mutton the highest price paid was 15 and 18 cents. Australian frozen beef does not seem to be in much demand, as importations of quarters has fallen off from 1,373 in 1881 to 753 in 1883.

THERE is a suggestion for the taxpayers of Ohio, who groan about being burdened with the burdens which the liquor traffic imposes. Grinnell, Iowa, is a thriving young town of about 3,000 inhabitants, and the seat of Iowa College, in many respects the first college in the State. Now the founder of this place, the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, is able to say that as he looks back over its history, no one has been sent to the jail, to the poor-house or to the the penitentiary, in twenty-five years, Grinnell was settled by New England people and no liquor saloon has ever disgraced its fair name. It is but just, too, to add that this is largely due to the untiring efforts of its large-hearted, broad-minded, and most generous founder, Hon. J. B. Grinnell. Such men and such villages are fountains of untold good to the State, to the country and to posterity.

IT HAS become apparent that a majority of the members of the National House are not in sympathy with civil service reform. One correspondent, who claims to have made a carful canvass of Congress, avers that the general sentiment is hostile to the plan of reform now in operation. Many of the new Congressmen look with contempt upon the Civil Service Commission. Those who favor the principle of reform and approve the Commission's work the past year are somewhat alarmed. Is the whole scheme to fail? Will the majority refuse an appropriation for keeping the Commission alive? To starve it out would be a bold proceeding. It would widen the breach between the two Democratic factions, and also provide an issue of considerable importance in the coming campaign; for Arthur has encouraged the Pendleton movement, just as Grant did. There fill be no mistake as to where the responsibility for this second failure will rest—no more than as to who was responsible for the first fiasco.

THE gallows has not been used in Erie county, Pa., for fifty years, public opinion having forbidden it since the hanging of Henry Francisco then called judicial murder. "The Philadelphia Times tells the story, as follows: "On the 31st of March, 1832, Henry Francisco and his childwife, Maud, 16 years old and only three weeks a wife were found insensible in bed with a bottle of poison by their side. Two letters, one in the hand of each, informed the friends that although united in marriage but three weeks, they desired to enter eternity hand in hand. Medical assistance was promptly procured, but in less than an hour after discovery the beautiful girl breathed her last, and the efforts of the physicians were concentrated upon the purpose of saving the bride's life. For hours his life hung in the balance, but finally their exertions were rewarded with success, and the life of Francisco was saved—saved that it might a few months later be taken on the gallows-tree, amid the tears and groans of a sympathetic people, and the prayers of two sobbing ministers of the Gospel."

SO MILD is the weather in North Wales that primroses, honeysuckles, snowdrops, and roses are to be found blooming in the valleys and on the hillsides. Vegetation in the low lying districts is also fast springing into life, and in the Vale of Llangollen fruit trees are in bloom Tourists are enabled to scale the mountains without difficulty—feats which, when previously attempted at this season of the year, have been attended with loss of life.

Against Alcoholic Liquors.

In the United States Senate Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, presented a petition signed by about 4,000 citizens of the District of Columbia and other petitions signed by large numbers of citizens, of the Territories of Washington, Dakota and Idaho, all praying for the enactment by Congress of a law prohibiting the manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquors in the District and Territories Mr Blair said that for many years petitions of this character had been coming to both branches of Congress with out any tangible result. During all these years the agitation had been constantly gaining strength. He looked upon the problem involved as one of the most serious which can engage attention; not alone from the standpoint of the moral reformer, but as well from that of the economist and statesman. It demanded at the hands of Congress as profound study as any subject which could come before it.

In the remarks a few days ago of the Senator from Maine (Mr. Frye), that gentleman had shown how the rules of Congress on the subject of liquors in the Capitol had been set at naught, and an impression was widely prevalent among the people that the Capitol itself had come to be used as a sort of National groggery. If this impression was an error it should be corrected, and if founded on fact, the fact should be promptly and effectively dealt with. What Congress had thought fit to do for the Capitol it had no reason for refusing to do for the District in which the Capitol was situated. There could be no doubt of the authority of Congress in the matter either in the District or in the Territories. Whether prohibition was the best method of dealing with the evils of intemperance or not, it was certain that a large proportion of the most thoughtful and conservative, as well as the most liberal, minds among the American people believe it to be the only complete remedy. These petitions, Mr. Blair continued, had come here under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which he looked upon as one of the most powerful agencies for good which the world had yet seen, and as the subject, from its seriousness and importance, was fast forcing itself upon the attention of the American people he hoped it would receive the earnes consideration of Congress. Washington, especially, as it was the representative city, should also be the model city of the Union.

THE Democrats of Iowa think to moderate the demands of the ultra temperance people by the offer of a license law, and their legislative caucus has agreed upon a bill fixing a State license at $300 for wholesale liquor dealers and $150 for saloon-keepers. It has also provisions for a money penalty, or forfeiture of license and imprisonment for selling liquor to minors or habitual drunkards, requiring a bond of $1,500 and empowering cities and towns to issue licenses to any holder of a State license. It is not at all likely that such a measure will be acceptable to the people of Iowa, who have more than once shown their belief in the efficacy and propriety of prohibition. Our information in regard to the proposed measure does not state the extent to which cities and towns are permitted to go in fixing their license fees, but if that is practically unlimited, and if a local option clause were added the measure would be a good one. Notwithstanding the fact that the Ohio Democratic Legislature has just decreed the destruction of the local option clause of the Scott law, it is the fairest and most efficient method of suppressing the liquor traffic yet devised.

You must have seen him—a large, smooth faced, credulous looking man, generally standing in front of some gin-mill, and formerly dressed in fashionable cut, later with vestiges of the gentleman, but somewhat run down. He needed no introduction, spoke to you from mutual sympathy, and gave you all his confidence at once. It is now nine years since he betrayed to me the great purpose of his life: to drink up all the liquor in the city and keep it from doing any further harm. As he said it I saw the fire of a great moral intent in his eye. Said I: "Oh! you cannot drink all that!" "I will do it," said he, "or perish! Don't underestimate me. I belong to a family of great will. My father has died and left me a hundred thousand, all in cash. I have no wife. This thing is doing harm. The law cannot put a stop to it. I intend to drink it all up!" He was then perhaps twenty eight; weighed 175 pounds, and had a peculiarly affable yet credulous something in his look. He never was drunk; a physical constitution alone that kept him tough and florid. From year to year I saw him, always just going in or just coming out of a bar-room. He knew me and gave his head the shake. "Oh, I'm doing it. I have got away with almost half of it." "I fear you will fail," said I, "as there is so much of it." "Keep your eye on me," he said; "this evil shall be drunk off the face of the earth!" Sometimes I would miss him for a year or two, and it pained me to observe after these intervals that some havoc had been made in his fine physique and he would now and then cough a little. "Don't discourage me," he would say; "somebody has to do it, and I accept the great trust." Then he would dive into a saloon and apply himself sincerely to the self-appointed work. More than once I reasoned with him, taking the privilege of a friend, though I never knew his name. "Divide the labor up," I said; "it is too much, even for you." "No," he answered, "it might hurt another man, but I shall get away with it. From statistics I must have drunk nearly two-thirds of it up now." At last I saw him come out of a place and lean against the pillar of the gilded door. His dress was shabby, his complexion muddy, little remained but the old child-like credulity and the reformer's proud flash of the blood-shot eyes. "It will kill me," he said. "I hardly think I can survive it. But it is almost all gone now. It is a matter of only a few gallons left. Havn't I hung to it like a man? If I should fall trying to get away with the small quantity remaining, won't you do justice to my motives?" His hand trembled on the shattered nerves as he spoke, and tears came to his eyes. "They ought not to say hard things of me," he faltered, "because I have put all my father left me into this great work. You know what my health was; have I spared it? Love, books, rows of houses, everything, I have let slide to carry out this noble endeaver. Do you think I will fail!" He borrowed the first quarter from me he had ever asked, saying: "That is my only weak point. If my money had lasted I think my health would." Said I: "Tell me now, have you met no person that you thought was competing with you in this original enterprise?" He whispered from his feverish lungs as he disappeared into the dive: "They all started at it from a noble purpose, Do justice to the motives of every one of them. Charity, charity to all," he said, and disappeared.

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PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

MANY Democratic weeklies, whose editors will not believe that Samuel J. Tilden cannot make a presentable appearance in public, insist on the renomination of the old ticket.

THE Republican party in St. Louis, which has been long divided into two factions, is now practically a unit. This union will be followed by efforts to consolidate the organization throughout the State.

AN Indiana editor, who is proud of Ben Harrison, declares that "he represents that class of people who pick their teeth at $4 a day hotels and who send their wives to the sea shore in summer time."

THE Chicago Herald thinks an attempt on the part of Republicans to make another campaign on the passions of war, with the ideas prominently advanced that the West is still for war, will quite likely result in some surprises.

THE negro population of the Union increases faster than the white. In 81 years, at the present rate of increase, it will be larger than our whole population at the last census. In 1980, according to this estimate, the black population of the republic will be 192,000,000.

SENATOR ELECT PAYNE, of Ohio, has a genuine Democratic vocabulary on tap. He says that the public service as administered by Republicans is "a fetid mass permeated with rottenness and gangrene." Coal oil doesn't smell very sweet, Mr. Payne, and it will never be used as a political disinfectant.—Hartford Post.

SEVEN members of the House who were elected to the Forty-eighth Congress died after their election: Herndon, Alabama; Cutts, Iowa; Haskell, Kansas; Herron, Louisiana; Pool, North Carolina; Updegraff, Ohio; and Mackey, of South Carolina. Mr. Mackey lived long enough to occupy his seat.

SENATOR JONES, of Florida, has appointed his son clerk to his Committee on Revolutionary pensions. Young Jones will be kept very busy, as this is one of the hardest worked committees of the Senate. It has had one meeting in two years, and it is thought that there will be another before the end of the session.

COLONEL GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, the well-known Boston colored man, in a letter to some political organizers of his race, says: "To parties I make no appeal. The Republican party is the only hope we have; and it is a forlorn hope, for its issue is spoils. It is worth saving, but must have new issues and new blood."

DURING the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson a relative applied to him for a place of no great consequence under the Federal Government. In his note of reply Jefferson freely conceded the personal fitness of the applicant, and said that under any other circumstances it would have afforded him much pleasure to make the appointment, but the fact of their relationship rendered such action improper, and he was therefore compelled to refuse the request.

AMONG the Cabinet ladies Mrs. Lincoln is the prettiest, Mrs. Brewster the handsomest, and Mrs. Chandler the most popular. The first is a tiny little thing with clear cut features and a complaxion like an opal. The second is massive, with superb black eyes, white hair, and great repose of manner. Third-named is of medium height, has bright, dark eyes, a vivacious manner and an abundant flow of conversation, which is light, witty, gay or grave, as the occasion may require.

WHEN asked if he thought the Democrats had any chance of winning this year, Senator Vance said: "Well, the pot boils so rapidly and irregularly that it is hard to give an opinion which is worth anything. Of one thing I feel quite sure—we can win if we will; and we can't do it by dodging anything, either. We can only do it by an aggressive campaign as we did in 1876; and by charging straight up in front of the breastworks. A large majority of the voters of the United States are ripe for a change, if they can be united. But there's the rub."

THE Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader writes: "The Pendleton family—one of the oldest in our history—has always been of a Republican rather than a Democratic tendency. Nathaniel Pendleton, Senator Pendleton's grand-father, was an intimate political and personal friend of of Hamilton, and he acted as his second in the duel with Burr, in 1804. He was thoroughly a Federalist, and Washington appointed him the first Federal District Judge who ever sat in Georgia. Senator Pendleton's father, Nathaniel Greene Pendleton, came to Ohio and was noted as a Whig along in the forties. George H. Pendleton, however, threw the faith of his ancestors, and in 1853, being 28 years old, was elected as a Democrat to to the Ohio Senate.

THE greatest master of invective, perhaps the greatest English-speaking orator, of recent times is dead. The Nation in which for half his lifetime Wendell Phillips was a social outcast and political Ishmaelite will generally and sincerely deplore his loss. He lived long enough to live down the old hatred, to conquer not only the admiration of his old foes—that he always had, but to conquer also their respect and often their affection. And yet he lived too long for his own fame. If Mr. Phillips had passed away, like Lincoln, at the very close of the contest which crowned the triumph of his life, he would have stood far higher in the esteem of posterity than is now possible. Up to that time his career had been one brilliant, magnificent struggle for human freedom. That won, he could not keep quiet, and yet could not find themes worthy his matchless eloquence and courage. All his life an agitator, silence was impossible to him, yet he could not continue his agitation without what he was accustomed to call a "Cause." And so he floundered about for a cause. Once he thought he had it in greenbacks; again in trades-unionism; once in woman's rights, and then in fighting the Chinese. His last years brought him many strange comrades and no added honor. But his great anti-slavery work makes his place in history sure and high; his courage and integrity will always be the pride of his countrymen; he leaves a spotless name, and does not leave his equal in oratory in England or America. He died Saturday at Boston, aged 72.

THE hanging of the two young men the other day at Mt. Vernon, Indiana, one of them scarcely twenty-one and the other several years younger, is a sad instance of early depravity, and it might profitably be contemplated by the parents of fast boys generally. There is a recklessness that begins with defiance of parental authority and precepts that ends in defiance of the laws of the land, in crime and the gallows. Every boy in this land who is expected to make a creditable American citizen should be taught subordination to authority, whether he exactly sees the reason for it or not, and he should be taught it early. This country has too many boys growing up with poorly defined ideas of right and wrong, impatient of all restraint; with but little reverence for law and little thought of the sacredness of human life. They have come to regard it as an evidence of weakness on their part to listen to the advise of their elders and as unfashionable to attempt to curb youthful impetuosity. Such boys are starting on a career that will land them under the care of the warden of the penitentiary or put their final taking off in the charge of an executioner. The question with parents of such reckless boys is simply whether they will use the rod of correction on them now, or let the law use a rope on them later.

A FRIGHTFUL accident occurred on the Chicago & Indianapolis railroad last Friday, at Broad Riffle, seven miles from Indianapolis. At that point there is a bridge over White river of two spans, one hundred and fifty feet each. The engineer had gone to the baggage car to get a drink, and the fireman had his hand on the throttle. Feeling the structure giving away, he threw open the throttle, the engine plunged forward, breaking the coupling between the tender and baggage car, and remained on the track. The baggage, smoking car and passenger cars went down with the bridge into the river, and apparently as soon as they struck the river, took fire. The wreck was partially submerged. That portion above the water, and the bridge were burned. Six persons were killed outright or roasted to death. Frightful screams were heard from persons held fast in the wreck while the fire was burning their bodies. No aid could reach them. The accident was caused by defective threads in the supporting rods in the bridge. Two curious incidents are noticable in connection with the accident. The engineer had just gone to the baggage car for a drink of water and was killed. Had he stayed on the engine he would have escaped. A man named White was working under the bridge at the time, and bridge and tram fell upon him, driving him through the ice and down to the bottom of the river, yet he escaped with his life.

CONGRESS is not doing much as yet beyond talk on the Fritz John Porter bill and a few minor questions, though, of course, a good deal of business has been considered by the committees. The tariff reform measures that were supposed to be the basis upon which the House of Representatives was organized have not yet made their appearance. Both Mr. Morrison and Mr. Hewitt, however, are said to be in labor. There are, also, the appropriation bills, which Mr. Randall's committee was said to have ready to push forward immediately after the recess, still in the background, not one having yet been reported. It is now said that Mr. Randall's purpose was only to get these bills ready to report with all possible haste and then hold them in hand as a weapon against Mr. Morrison's bill. The Appropriations Committee is one of high privilege under the rules, having the right of way at all times with its reports, and Mr. Randall can therefore, with his thirteen or fourteen appropriation bills, bother the Ways and Means Committees through a good part of the session if so disposed. The railroad lobby and the whisky lobby are getting in their work on the sly, but the indications are against both. Advices from Washington indicate that the whisky med will fail in their efforts, and the land grant bill has already passed in the House by an immense majority. That it will pass the Senate there is little doubt.

A DISPATCH from Fall River states that 8,000 cotton operatives have gone on strike at that place, and that more way do so soon. The primary cause in this movement is a reduction in wages which the men claim it will made it impossible for them to make more that $8 a week. They also assert that since 1874 wages in their trade have been reduced 41 per cent. and that there has seldom been a rise after a fall in wages. At the meeting where the strike was decided upon some of the more cautious operatives represented that they were not now in a financial condition to strike, and that they could not maintain themselves without work long enough to force the manufacturers to terms. These considerations, however, were ignored, and the strike was ordered by a large vote.

The market is demoralized, the laborers are out of money, and all past experience goes to demonstrate that this strike will be an inglorious failure. The leaders of the working people who engineer these strikes are their worst enemies.

MR. COX'S Test-oath bill will have the last line of it chopped off by the Republican Senators. This last line provides that hereafter no person shall be required to take the iron-clad oath as a condition precedent to the holding of any office or the acquirement of any right under the law of the United States. A Senate member of the Judiciary Committee said that the last phrase in the bill, if it should become a law, would restore Jefferson Davis to the rights of citizenship and permit the appointment of ex-Confederates to places in the army or in the navy. This Senatorial critic also held that this smooth, innocent-looking phrase made possible the bringing suit in the Court of Claims to recover claims now disbarred upon the ground of the disloyalty of the claimant. There does not appear to be in the Senate any objection to the general repeal of the test oath proper, but the line above mentioned will certainly be cut off.

SOME idea of the magnitude of the Census Report may be gathered from the statement that 8,686 pages of the statistical part of the book have already been stereotyped, with 544 more in type. To this volume is to be added the population volume, comprising 1,050 pages, with 14 colored maps and charts in black. This will be a delightful volume when completed, and will enable the future generations who will get a chance at its pages to while away many a leisure hour in the researches for the number and origin of the Berkshire porker, the Alderney short horns, and the Guelph stallions. Of the two-legged mammalia, of which we form a part, the census volume, huge as it is, takes not much account, probably because the Commissioner supposes we are not so much concerned about the Darwinian theory as the other cattle.

THE father of Robert G. Ingersoll was a minister of the last generation, and for a long time pastor of the Congregational Church at Madison, Ohio, and at Ashtubula, the place of the memorable railroad disaster. He was successful as a revivalist, and finally gave up the settled pastorate in order to become a evangelist. He was capable of arousing the emotions to a high pitch of ecstatic enthusiasm. This description is by a man who sat under his ministry, and who also tells how little Bob used to engage his father in long disputations, bringing up the familiar skeptical puzzles of the whale, the frogs and the sun standing still. He was always elated at "cornering the old governor."

LAST Friday, at Alliance, a terrific explosion occurred, which resulted in the complete demolishment of a three-story building and the death of seven people. In the lower story of the building was a grocery store, and a four-year-old child of the proprietor, in playing around the store, turned the faucet of a gasoline barrel and allowed the fluid to escape. The gas generated was ignited by the stove and an explosion followed with the above result. The little child was among the killed.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

NEW YORK, Feb 4.

If the renowned Jason had been searching for the Golden Fleece in 1884, instead of B. C. 1000, he would have given Colchis the go by, and would have sailed straight for the Island of Manhattan. Talk of Golden Fleeces, why we have fellows here who can fleece more gold than ever Jason thought of.

We are rejoicing at the present time in several official investigations; and three of our city officials were put upon the rack. The question was put to one, as to how much it cost get his office. He modestly replied that he had not kept an exact account, but he supposed about twenty thousand dollars. He was asked if he expected to get it back, and with a smile that was child-like and bland, he acknowledged that he did with interest, and being further questioned acknowledged that his annual income from his office was over $150,000. Another individual confessed to $75,000, and a third to $50,000. Yet it is safe to say that if either one of them were out of a job, in any respectable business house their services would have been considered expensive at $1,000 a year, and no shopkeeper would permit them behind the counter if there had been two dollars in the till. When further urged by the committee, they put the question which immortalized Tweed: "What are you going to do about it?" What can we do?

John Kelley has an army of 40,000 mercenaries at his command. If his Democratic colleagues refuse to obey him he turns for aid to the Republicans and as a general thing he gets it. The Republicans in New York City are a hopeless minority. They catch here and there an assemblyman, and occasionally an alderman, in some of the swallow-tailed wards. In the districts, where every man owns his own house, they may stand some chance; but where they stow fifty families in one tenement, and sleep and eat, ten and twelve in a room, you never hear of them. It is right here that the question of public plunder never comes in; every official is expected to retain a large army of mercenaries—fellows who go clad in purple and fine linen and feed on the fat of the land, and whose only service is in slugging an opportunity, illegal voting or stuffing a ballot box. This fungus on the body, politic, is not new. It is one of the entailment of a corrupt political system, which we have never been able to get rid of.

Every alderman and every public officer seems to find it necessary to find a representative among the ruffian class. To such an extent has this become the fashion that almost half the hotels in Gotham employ prize fighters as bouncers to get rid of disagreeable guests. But a bodyguard of ruffians seems to be one of the necessary sequents of every prominent politician, and as these fortunate gentlemen have a great fancy for fast horses, fast women and blazing diamonds there must be some money in the affair to keep the thing afloat. This may afford a clue as to where the thirty-five millions go to which are called for in the budget of 1884.

But, while our city officials have been somewhat shaken up by the exposure of their enormous gains, we have been having a little pleasurable excitement on change, wherein certain Bears wished they were Bulls, and certain Bulls wished they had courage to be a good deal bullier than they were.

About the time that everybody thought that the bottom had dropped out of everything on change, and the only question was if there was any bottom to drop. Little Jay put in an appearance on Broad street on Tuesday, and hey, presto, fly! the Villards went up like a balloon, leaving the streets lined with dead and wounded bears, while the bulls, with hair all over their horns, kept looking around viciously for some one else to toss. Jay Gould is not dead or busted. There are not many pounds of him; but every pound weighs sixteen ounces full, and don't you forget it.

It was an awful time on Tuesday on 'change. Things got turned around. The fellows who have been wearing long faces for the past six months were smiling away back to their ears, and the chaps who have done all the laughing since September, looked like a second class funeral.

One stock went up forty points and every one on the list rose from 2 to 10. Ah! Wasn't there a rush to cover shorts; but it was discovered, all of a sudden, that there was nothing to cover with. At first it was dismay, then despair, and finally the hari kari. Then everybody said, I told you you had better let Jay Gould alone. One thing is certain, and that is, that he is master of the situation today. He has taught the boys a lesson that they will not soon forget—and from five to ten millions more go into that strong box. The rise means a round million for Henry Villard, whose funeral the smart bears thought they were attending a few weeks ago. Look at my letter of that date and see if the prophet is not right.

Wall street is a safe place to keep out of nevertheless. Don't be dazzled by the sudden fortunes that are made here. To the one outsider that makes a dollar there are a thousand men that lose every penny they possess.

Brooklyn had a lively sensation last Sunday morning. You will recollect that a couple of weeks ago I gave an account of the robbery of Wise's jewelry store seven years ago. Right below Mr. Wise's store is another jewelry establishment on the most public part of Fulton street. While most people were in church, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock some burglars entered the store, cracked the safe, and left it as clean as a shotgun. An immense sledge-hammer, with cold chisels of the finest steel, jimmies and drills, left behind, told how the work had been done. Though some of the blows that broke that ponderous safe in pieces must have shaken the building to its foundation, not a soul appears to have heard a sound, and the robbers got off with the loot, and now the unfortunate offers a reward for his departed wealth, which, in the language of the excellent financier, Mr. Fisk, "Has gone where the woodbine twineth."

Death is around us everywhere. This week we are called upon to mourn the the death of Doc Wood, a man whose name was a household word to every printer in New York. The guild of Bohemians, over which he formerly presided in the Press Club many of them thoughtless and reckless, but the bond that binds them together has in it a sort of masonry which is scarcely felt in any other craft, They are bright, keen fellows, believing in themselves and the nobility of their profession, in which they see the most tremendous possibilities. Their whole life is a struggle, where the work is severe and the prizes not many or great. Doc. Wood had hosts of friends though only a poor printer, for he never enjoyed a very large share of this world's goods. He earned his bread honestly by the sweat of his brow, and died as he had lived, respected and honored as an honest man. They took his body to the rooms of the Press Club, and there surrounded by his companions and friends, who knew him and loved him in life, they listened to a few eloquent words by Dewitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, who spoke of the dead man as a friend and brother.

The sad manner of Dr. John B. Wood's death, has cast a gloom on the entire profession; for he either fell or was pushed from one of the wharves in the lower part of the city, at 12 o'clock on Monday night. He had projected a series of articles of Life among the New York Docks at midnight. It was a task from which the boldest journalist might have shrunk, for in its pursuit he carries his life in his hand. The people of whom he undertook to write are pirates and thieves, who seldom see the light of day. Escaped convicts, masked robbers and outlaws swarm in the low groggeries and loathsome dens, that line the river front. Dr. Wood desired to see with his own eyes and describe them in his own inimitable style, and so he perished. Journalism has its martyrs as well as the church or the State, and there are few who will be mourned more sincerely than poor Doc. Wood.

After defying the police authorities and the board of excise for years, Billy McGlory is at last in limbo. His place on Hester street, known as Armory Hall, has been known as a den of thieves and prostitutes for years, but it was somewhat singular that while the entire neighborhood was scandalized by their orgies, that the police, which all acknowledge to be the finest in the world, never saw anything out of the way. Women, grossly intoxicated, were seen there by scores every night. Drunken men were robbed there by dozens, and it was only a few weeks ago that his barkeeper was assasinated at his door. Yet the police of the vicinity endorsed it as an excellent hotel, where no liquor was sold except non-intoxicating table beer, lemonade, and ginger pop.

The police did their best to swear Billy through, and to show the interest that this ruffian has, Justice Duffy granted an order to have this place pulled. At 12 o'clock there are usually from two to three hundred dissolute characters present indulging in the wildest ludeness and debauchery, but some of his friends on the police gave Billy the tip, and when the officers got there, Billy, surrounded by a few lady friends, was sipping lemonade and singing Moody and Sanky hymns. The officers took him, nevertheless, and although his police friends did some tall swearing in his favor, he was convicted, and I hope will be sent to Blackwell's Island.

The weather is quite unsettled, but the city is crowded with people, and business is beginning to look springward. Yours truly,

BROADBRIM.

Fitz John Portor.

The debate on the Fitz John Porter bill in the National House of Representatives, has occupied a goodly portion of the time since Congress assembled. It came to a close Friday by the bill passing by a large majority.

The debate Friday was spirited.

Mr. Calkins of Indiana began his speech by saying he knew there was no doubt about the passage of the bill. There was a condition of affairs now which made it probable that the bill would pass all the way through, but if there was such a condition of affairs now, he would appeal from the action to the people Members were asked by this bill to say in the language of the gentleman from New York (Mr. Slocum) that Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton and General Halleck conspired together to organize a court to convict Fitz John Porter, and the gentleman undertook to attack the name of Wm. T. Sherman to help him out. Gen. Sherman was true to his country, and while he and Stanton had a difficulty, yet with the generosity of late years the General had said that he did not believe that Stanton was untrue to himself or him. If these scenes were to be re-enacted here, there might come a time when the bugle blast of the Grand Army of the Republic by the side of their camp fires would ask General Sherman to come out of his retirement and lead them again to victory as he did before. [Applause on the Republican side.]

Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, spoke in favor of the bill. Speaking of General Garfield's connection with the case he read the joint resolution introduced by him for the appointment of a Board of Review, and stated that he had private letters of that gentleman which he could twist into an approval of this bill' as other gentlemen had twisted private letters into a disapproval of it. The leader of the Confederacy went down the steps of the Capitol threatening to return and destroy it. He failed in the attempt, and yet he walked in freedom. The men who penned Union soldiers in Andersonville and Libby still lived. Officers who were trained at West Point, whose treason needed no investigation, were sitting in this chamber. Should Porter be the only victim? Should he be the sacrifice of the Nation?

The bill was finally reported to the House, after several attempts to kill its purpose by amendments had been defeated, and Mr. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, closed the debate with a speech in favor of the bill. In a brilliant peroration, which was warmly applauded, he appealed to the House to do justice to a wronged man, and at the conclusion of his speech was heartily congratulated by his friends.

The bill was then passed—184 to 78.

Dr. Talmago's Sermon.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon in Brooklyn last Sunday was "The Splendors of Orthodoxy, and he took for his text: "Ask for the old paths where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls," as found in the 16th verse of the 5th chapter of Jeremiah. He said:

A great London fog has settled down upon some of the churches and ministers in the shape of what is called "advanced thought" Without a single exception all such deny the full inspiration of the Scriptures. The book of Genesis is to them an allegory, and much of the Bible is a myth and, they philosophize and reason and guess and evolute until they have landed in a great contention of mud from which through all eternity I fear they will not be able to wade out. The Bible is no more certainly inspired than it has been divinely protected in its present shape. It would be easier now to take Hamlet from the writings of Shakespeare and substitute instead thereof the modern drama called "Festus" without having the change discovered, than it would have been possible during the last 800 years to have made any important change in the Bible. If any part of it had contained the elements of decay or disintegration or deception, it would have gone to pieces long ago. If there had been one loose brick or cracked casement in this castellated truth the bombardment of the last eight centuries would have discovered and broken through that imperfection. The fact that the Bible, notwithstanding all the infuriate assaults on all sides, stands intact, shows me that it is a miracle, and a miracle is of God.

Some one might say: "We accept the Bible but do not believe that until now it has been understood." My reply is that if the Bible is a letter from God, our Father, to man, His child, is it not strange that God would write a letter which could not be understood until at least seventy generations had been born and had died? A very bright father that would be who should write a letter of instruction and guidance to his children not understandable until a thousand years after the children were dead, buried and forgotten. As the years pass new beauties and excellencies will be unrolled from the Bible. But that the Bible is such a failure that all the generations of Christian scholars for the last eighteen centuries have been utterly deceived in regard to vast reaches of its meaning is such a demand upon my credulity that, if I found myself at all disposed to yield to it, I would to-morrow morning apply for admission at Bloomingdale Insane Asylum as being unfit to go alone.

Then in sarcastic way he asked who are these advanced thinkers, and thundered out his condemnation of their doctrines and beliefs and arguments. In trenchant way the splendors of the orthodox religion were pointed out and then he continued:

Look at the splendors of character that orthodoxy builds! Who had the mightiest intellect the world ever saw? Paul! Little in physical stature but head and shoulders above all the intellectual giants of the ages! Orthodox from scalp to heel! Who was the mightiest poet the world has ever seen? John Milton, who saw more without eyes than anybody ever saw with eyes. Orthodox from scalp to heel! Who was the greatest reformer the world ever saw? Martin Luther, so acknowledged by infidel and atheist as well as the Christian. Orthodox from scalp to heel! In Music Hall, Boston, the talented Theodore Parker stood for many years hauling orthodoxy and giving it, as many supposed, its death blow. On the same street, and not far from being opposite, stood Park Street Congregational Church, commonly called by its enemies "hell-fire corner." Theodore Parker died and his church died with him. It was attempted to keep up the organization, but, if still in existence, it is so small it is hardly visible to the naked eye. But Park Street Church or "hell-fire corner"," stands still, its pulpit thundering the magnificent truths of orthodoxy just as though Theodore Parker had never lived. You have noticed that most of those who surrender a part of the Bible finish their ministry in a public hall and when they are done their audiences are disbanded. All that Boston or Brooklyn or New York or the earth ever received that is worth having come through the wide aqueduct of heterodoxy from the throne of God.

CERTITUDES OF ORTHODOXY.

Behold the certitudes of orthodoxy! Where do you come from, believer in the full Bible? Answer: "I was descended from the perfect parentage of Paradise into whose nostrils Jehovah breathed the breath of life. I am a son of God." Half-and-half Bible men, where do you come from? Answer: "It is all uncertain. In my ancestral line there was an ourang-outang and further back there was a pollywog and still further back there was a tadpole and it took millions of years for me to be evoluted." "Half-and-half Bible men where are you going when you leave this world?" "Well, that is all uncertain. I suppose I will pass out in the great To Be and through the great Somewhere and gradually on the great Anywhere, arriving finally in the great Nowhere." I thought that was where you probably would fetch up.

Behold the splendors of orthodoxy in its announcement of two destinies. A palace with gates on all sides through which all may enter and live on eternal luxuries just for the knocking and asking. A palace grander than if all the Alhambras and the St. Marks and the Windsor palaces and Versailles and winter gardens and all imperial abodes of the earth had been heaved up into one architectural splendor At the other end of the universe a penitentiary where men who prefer their sins may have them forever. Why, if you and I have our choice of Christ and the palace, should they be denied the choice of sin and degradation? Palace and penitentiary! The first worth nothing unless you have the second! Better place would Brooklyn and New York be to live in with Raymond street jail and the tombs and Sing Sing and all the police stations and smallpox hospitals let loose upon us than heaven if there was no hell. Palace and penitentiary and every one a free choice! If a man fills a great bowl of gin and he is thirsty for it and his whole being craves for it and he has put the bowl to his lips and with both hands he is pressing the bowl tight between his teeth and the draught has begun to pour its sweetness down his throat, why should I snatch the bowl from him and jerk him up toward the heavenly palace, and he, though struggling to stay out, should be compelled to go in and sing psalms forever?

No, so completely free has God made you and me that we need not go to heaven unless we prefer; no more free to soar than free to sink. The most of the heterodox of this day set forth the theory that without respect to faith or character we are to get out of the shining place. There they are in glory—Tom Paine and George Whitfield, Nero and Richard Baxter, Charles Guiteau and James A. Garfield, John Wilkes Booth and Abraham Lincoln, the innocent men and women and children who were massacred and their murderers. If there be only one final destiny then they of course are all together. Against that great caldron of piety and blasphemy, philanthropy and assassination, self-sacrifice and beastliness, I lift the two destinies of the Bible forever and forever apart.

DEATH-BED PROOFS.

Behold also the fact that all the triumphant death-beds of the ages were those of the styled orthodox Christian. I challenge the world to show me an exception, and I will allow you to range all Christendom to find that exception. Those who have rejected the Bible or any part of it have either gone out of the world in darkness or in silence portentious. Gather up all the biographies since the art of printing was invented, and show me which last hours had visions of glory and shouts of triumph.

Here I make a grand Avenue. On one side I put the deathbeds of Christians, on the other the deathbeds of those who rejected all or part of the Scriptures. Take my arm and let us go through that divided avenue. Hark to the deathbeds on the right hand side: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Glory! Glory!" "Free Grace!" "Hallelujah!" "The chariots are coming!" "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" "I mount! I fly!" "Wings! Wings!" "They have come for me!" "Meet me in heaven!" "All is well!" Alfred Cookman's deathbed. John Wesley's deathbed. Richard Cecil's deathbed. Commodore Foote's deathbed. Daniel Webster's deathbed. Your father's deathbed. Your mother's deathbed. Your sister's deathbed. Your child's deathbed. Ten thousand deathbeds. All radiant. All songful. All triumphant.

Turn round now and march back on that dividing avenue, and see the deathbeds of those who rejected the Bible or any part of it. Listen and look. Not one smile of hope, not one song of joy. Not one hand lifted as if to take a sceptre, not one face supernaturally illumed. Silence all along the line, or sadness unbroken, or dispair overwhelming

Half-and-half Bible believers never die well. They beckon for no angels. They hear the coming of no heavenly escort. They go out of the world because they are pushed out, while the list of those who have believed an entire Bible and been almost impatient to go and meet their God is so long a list as it seems interminable. Oh, is not that style of religion a splendor which makes what otherwise would be the most dreadful hour of life—namely, the last hour—positively paradisaical!

Young men and old men and middle-aged, prepare to take sides in this issue between orthodoxy and heterodoxy! Follow this crusade against any part of the Bible and first you will give up Genesis, which is just as true as Matthew, and after a while you will give up all the historical portions, and further on you will give up the miracles, and gradually it may be convenient for you to give up the Ten Command ments, and you will some day wake up to find yourself in the midst of a treeless, rockless, fountainless desert of scepticism swept by an everlasting socorro. Take sides for an entire Bible just as God has kept it together for all these centuries. Laughed at! Remember that if you save your soul and win heaven you can afford to be laughed at. Don't jump overboard from this staunch Great Eastern of old-fashioned orthodoxy till you see something stronger to take you up than the frantic craft which has painted to her sides "advanced thought," but leaks at the pores and leaks at the stern and has nothing stronger than a quill pen for an oar, and dips from side to side until it is uncertain whether her passengers will land on the breakers of despair or the sinking sands of infidelity and atheism.

THE OLD PATHS THE TRUE PATHS.

With all the advancement of the world I am in full sympathy. But the world will never advance one inch beyond the old Bible. God knew just as much when He dictated the Bible as He knows now, and was just as competent to reveal all He had to say to the inspired men of the past as to the prophets and apostles of this last generation of this nineteenth century. As for myself I will stick to the old paths. Although naturally a sceptic, and fond of new things rather than old, I never so firmly believed the entire Bible as now, because I see what sceptical imbecility men rush into when they begin to chop up the Scriptures with the meat axe of human preference, and when I see them floundering about in the deep waters, ever struggling, now under, now on top, now calling on geology, now on astronomy, now on metaphysics, now on scholarship, now calling on the Church, now on the world to help them, I prefer for myself and mine the thick warm robe of the old religion, old as God; the robe that has kept so many warm throughout all the cold of this earthly pilgrimage and the chill of death, rather than the thin, uncertain gauze offered by those wiseacres who believe the Bible in spots.

DISASTER seems to be impending in Egypt. It is apparently impossible to get reinforcements to some of the garrisons in the Soudan, and if they are not relieved within a day or two their surrender is inevitable. But the most alarming feature of the situation is the possibility of treachery among the immediate followers of General Gordon, as well as at Cairo. Report has it that the Khedive would not be unwilling to see him assassinated on the road to Khartoum. General Gordon has gone safely through so many dangers that he seems to possess a charmed life. If it were not for this pleasing superstition, the outlook would be appalling.

PUTTING cities under martial law is hardly the best way to suppress Socialism. The Austrian Government appears to have fallen into a panic because a mysterious stranger was found in the Imperial opera box, with mathematical instruments and tape measures in his possession. The police have rapidly constructed an assassination plot out of these scanty materials, and now Vienna is deprived of trial by jury, and given up to the inquisitions of a particularly insolent and heartily detested police. It is not probable that this policy will tend to make Socialism less popular or influential.

AT last accounts Austin, the capital city of Texas, was in the hands of a drunken desperado named Ben Thompson. He had cleaned out the banquet hall of the Cattle Men's Convention, whipped a correspondent, driven out all the compositors on a daily paper, pied the forms, and taken possession of the court before which he was arraigned. The Governor will probably declare the city in a state of siege.

NO bureau of the Government exceeds in importance the United States Patent Office. From the start it has been self-sustaining, and now has an unexpended balance to its credit of $2,500,000. This money is the result of fees paid by inventors to secure the patents which protect their inventions. The business of the Patent Office has increased with each year of its existence.

MR. AND MRS. COLLYER died suddenly at Laurel Hill, L. I., and they were thought to have been poisoned. In the rooms occupied by John and Annie Cowley was found an empty morphine box. They were suspected of having poisoned Mr. and Mrs. Collyer and have been arrested. By their death John and Annie inherit $1500. They are brother and sister of Mrs. Collyer.

A BOY has recovered $10,500 damages from the New York Central Railroad for the loss of a foot. Taking the value of this foot as a basis, and figuring up the remainder of his anatomy on that estimate, it will be observed that a whole boy is worth a great deal of money. So much, indeed, that very few people would care to invest in a boy at those figures.

PATRICK HARTNET killed his wife, at Cincinnati, with an axe because she refused to kiss the floor when he ordered her to do so. It turns out that he was suspected of lunacy a year ago, but was pronounced sane on the testimony of his neighbors. These neighbors ought to feel rather uncomfortable now, and not quite so sure of their qualifications as experts in lunacy.

THE ice crop harvested by New York ice dealers amounts to nearly four million tons.

POOR MURCH, who was a Greenback Congressman, from Maine, for four years, having failed badly as a saloon keeper in Boston, has returned to Washington, and is vainly trying to get a place as clerk or messenger at the Capitol. The Brooklyn Union says that Murch is a melancholy illustration of the demoralizing influence of politics upon a weak character.

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THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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AFTER a heated contest lasting over three weeks, the Kentucky Legislature succeeded in choosing a United States Senator to succeed Senator Williams. Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn was the lucky man.

THE Board of Aldermen of Chicago, have decided to make the liquor license or tax uniform—$500, for the reason that discrimination in favor of beer saloons, only results in the latter selling whisky in violation of the law.

NOT a word can be found in the columns of our esteemed contemporary the Coshocton Democrat, concerning the decision of the Democrats of the Ohio Legislature upon the Scott law; nor upon the fizzle of Mr. Converse's persistent vaporings upon the reduction of the tariff upon wool. These are subjects in which the Democrat was greatly interested a few months ago, and in behalf of an expectant public, we call upon it for an expression of opinion.

MANY Democrats in this county voted for the second or prohibitory amendment; hundreds of them, who are readers of the Coshocton Democrat and all are opposed to any tinkering with existing temperance legislation other than to make it more stingent Reading the Democrat alone, however, they will be in the dark as to the actions of the Legislature. Why this silence?

THERE is an undercurrent through Ohio and the eastern States for Senator Sherman for President. Business interests especially are concerned, and recognize that with Senator Sherman in the Presidential chair the country would be insured a safe administration of the affairs of government. The delegates from Ohio will probably go unpledged, but will no doubt hold themselves in readiness to throw their support to Sherman if there be an opportunity to nominate.

IF you wish to write a letter to your sweetheart in Patagonia or on the Island of St. Helena, you must pay a postage fee of twenty-seven cents per half ounce.—Commercial Gazette.

Well, suppose you were to write a letter to a persistent creditor, staving off the payment of a debt, or to an undertaker ordering a coffin for your mother-in-law, wouldn't the postage be at the same rate; or, is there an extra sum to be paid upon letters to sweethearts?

FRANK HURD, who has openly declared that wool should be placed on the free list, has time and again declared that the wool tariff would not be restored, notwithstanding Mr. Converse was going to to achieve wonders at the first opportunity. Lo, and behold! the tariff child is born. Mr. Converse's opportunity has passed into history, and no relief is seen in the dim distance for the down trodden wool growers. Mr. Hurd evidently knew what he was talking about, and the country generally will have no trouble in sizing up the pretenses of Mr. Converse.

SENATOR VOORHES, of Indiana, has introduced a resolution calling upon the committee on post-offices and post roads to inquire into the advisability of the abolishment of the postage on newspapers and periodicals. Senator Voorhes no doubt thinks he is doing a great kindness to the people in setting on foot this proposition, but we believe he is in error. There is no demand on the part of newspaper publishers for dead-heading their papers through the mails, and there can be no reason assigned why they should be thus favored. There is no better reason for sending newspapers free of charge than there is for sending business letters. If a newspaper is worth reading and if publishing is a profitable business, it can well afford to pay the postage now exacted, and if it is not then the publisher thereof would better get out of the business.

THE sugar product is one that has not been stimulated by a protective tariff, and the tax imposed is one that falls with great weight upon the people everywhere. "The production for the last six years with three decidely good crops," says an exchange, "has averaged about 230,000,000 pounds yearly, the Lousiana crop having been about 218,000,000. But the production in the six years 1850 1855 inclusive was officially reported as averaging 367,666,067 pounds, and M. Bonclureau's statement makes the yield in Louisana alone for the six years 1849-54 average 334,435,500 pounds. The average net imports of foreign sugar during the six years 1850-55, after deducting all exports, were only 378,643,743 pounds yearly, while the imports for the last six years average 1,768,642,637 pounds yearly. Thirty years ago we produced nearly as much as we imported, and that to under a low tariff of 30 per cent. Now, with duties averaging, even under the new tariff, 49½ per cent. and under the old tariff $3 per cent in 1883, and 55½ per cent. in 1882 and 1881, we import more than seven times as much as we produce. Moreover, the grade of Louisiana sugar is comparatively high, and on that grade the old duty probably averaged over 60 per cent." Here is an instance in which the protective tariff has failed of the desired effect and has only resulted in burdening the people, for the benefit of a few rich Louisianians. Wouldn't free sugar result in greater benefits than protective sugar? He who runs may read.

As to Mr. Crowell, Mr. Bargar and the Scott Law.

The Democrats of the Legislature, in caucus assembled have resolved to allow the Scott law to stand, with two exceptions—the McConnellsville ordinance shall be repealed, and the payment of taxes shall be made semi-annually, instead of annually, as now provided. The rule of the caucus must be implicitly obeyed, by these servants of the people, although the measures adopted are engineered by a few demagogues, that reputable Democratic newspapers openly declare ought to be in the penitentiary, and may be so vicious in their intent as to cause all honest men to blush for shame that they are residents of a State that gives office to such servants of the devil and his hosts.

In keeping with this state of affairs is the action upon the Scott law, and while they have decided to allow it in the main to stand, they take from it a clause that is particularly obnoxious to the saloon men as a class, and one that has been resultant in good in many towns in the State. By power granted by this clause, many towns in the State are now without saloons.

We have no doubt that Mr. Crowell and Mr. Bargar will each vote to sustain the caucus action, although there is no doubt about their constituents being opposed to any meddling with temperance laws, except to make them more stringent.

Take Mr. Crowell's constituency and their vote upon the prohibition amendment as a criterion:

Counties	Majority for.	Majority against.
Coshocton	371	....
Guernsey	2563	....
Monroe	....	1137
Tuscarawas	....	141
Totals	2934	1278

Majority for prohibition in the district, 1656.

To this may be added the vote of Noble county, because a part thereof is included in this district, and is as follows:

Majority for prohibition, 1054.

Again, we find that while Tuscarawas and Monroe gave majorities against the amendment, there were only 2126 in the latter that voted openly no, and from Tuscarawas, according to the tabulated statement sent, out by Secretary of State Newman, none were returned, going to show that many were careless, and while they no doubt are opposed to the liquor traffic, by their carelessness virtually voted in favor thereof; so it is easily seen that Mr. Crowell's constituency by a large majority, were in favor of constitutional prohibition, and therefore are opposed to the repeal of the McConnellsville clause which gives villages the power to secure prohibition of the liquor traffic. Can Mr. Crowell in face of this vote for the repeal of the clause at the dictation of the whisky interests?

Such a question, however, in view of the course followed by Mr. Crowell, since his induction into office, seems like nonsense, because partisanism rules Mr. Crowell's legislative action, and King Caucus says what must be done.

Of Mr. Bargar's course there is not the shadow of a doubt. Since his legislative career began he has oftener misrepresented his constituents than otherwise, and of course will not vary from the rule in this.

Both gentlemen will do anything demanded by their partisan friends in caucus assembled, and say in substance, "Our constituents can go to ——jricho."

Since the above was in type the bill has passed the House, and Mr. Bargar was among those voting in the affirmative.

The disgraceful means adopted to secure its passage are treated in our Columbus letter.

IN times agone the Democracy of Coshocton were wont to speak of Mr Bargar as the leader of his party; but lo and behold he is shoved to the rear and pismire O'Myers is bell wether.

A Redistricting Bill.

The Democrats of the Ohio Legislature have decided to redistrict the State for Congressional purposes, and a bill introduced in the Senate provides for districts that will give the Democrats 13 sure, and most probably 15, and the Republicans seven Representatives in Congress. Ohio is the only State that makes a practice of gerrymandering for political purposes, and the Democrats were the first to break through the accustomed rule and allow partisanism to rule instead of justice. It is required of the State that a redistricting be made after each census, when a new apportionment is made by Congress.

In 1870 the Republicans were in power in the Legislature, and districted the State, in accordance with the apportionment made by Congress, and thereby the Republicans secured 13 and the Democrats 7 members. In 1874 there was a great tidal wave, and the Democrats secured 13 and the Republicans 7—just the reverse of what was intended by the framers of the law. In 1876 the Republicans partially regained their ground and the representation in Congress was equally divided. In 1877 the Democrats again were victorious in the State, and being in power in the Legislature, redistricted the State, contrary to the rule and the spirit of the Constitution, and provided for six Republican and fourteen Democratic districts, but the people repudiated the corruptness and sent a Republican delegation to Congress.

After the census of 1880 Ohio was entitled to one more member, and the Republicans in districting provided for 16 Republicans and five Democrats, but the people did not approve, and the delegation in Congress now stands 13 Democrats and 8 Republicans, with three of the latter standing an excellent chance of being thrown out in the contests that are to be decided.

All of this record simply shows that political parties, as managed by small fry politicians, look not to the interests of the people, but devote their time and talents to log-rolling and scheming to gain party favors in the pursuit of spoils.

The bill now under consideration by the Legislature is as unfair as could be expected to be conceived of by such a body. Justice is a word foreign to their vocabulary; hence, the people will not be disappointed. Perhaps the originators of the bill may be after the next Congressional election.

The 16th district stands as it is except Holmes county is cut off and added to the adjoining one north, whereby it is made reliably Democratic. In the adjoining, Guernsey, Jefferson, etc., district, Guernsey is cut off and thrown in a district with over 1200 Democratic majority, which makes it, probably, impossib for Colonel Taylor to be returned. Other changes are made similar to these, in different parts of the State.

The better class of Democrats, those high in the counsels of the party in the past, deprecate the act, and insist that it will be detrimental to the party, but the O'Myers and Bargar stripe of corruptionists are actuated only by a desire for spoils, and do not listen to wiser counsels. The bill will, no doubt, become a law, and upon the correctness thereof the people must judge.

A New Tariff Bill

In the National House of Representatives, last Monday, Mr. Morrison, Chairman of the Committee upon Ways and Means, introduced a bill to remodel the tariff. Mr. Converse, of this State, whose soul has been burning with indignation at the injury inflicted upon the wool growers by the reduction of the tariff, had announced it as his intention to move that the rules be suspended, and his bill restoring the tariff on wool, be passed and thereupon Mr. Frank Hurd was to have make a speech demanding that wool be placed upon the free list; but Mr. Converse was mum as a sphnix, and the country was spared the bluster of Mr. Hurd. The wool growers will gradually come to understand that Mr. Converse's vociferous braying as to the care he proposed to take of their interests was simply the vaporings of a demagogue, posing for votes and party favors. It is safe to say the wool tariff will not be restored by the present Congress. The bill introduced by Mr. Morrison makes the reduction on wool still greater; providing as it does that the tariff on wool costing from 24 to 30 cents, shall be reduced from ten to nine cents, and on that costing over 30 cents shall be reduced from twelve to nine cents.

The bill throughout makes a uniform reduction of twenty per cent. with a few exceptions; and iron ore, copper, and a few other articles now protected, are placed on the free list.

The late tariff commission in their report recommended a reduction amounting to 25 per cent. but the tariff law passed by the last Congress provided for a reduction not exceeding five per cent. throughout, so it will be seen that Mr. Morrison's bill is not so greatly out of the way of a report made by a Commission of experts, and which was generally endorsed by the people; especially by those journals that are now frightened, or pretending to be, at the assault upon American industries.

Speaking of this bill, the Pittsburgh Dispatch very sensibly observes:

The great objection to Mr. Morrison's measure is that it is legislating in the dark. The Nation now has a tariff which has been in force about seven months. Of its actual effect upon revenue only partial information can be given. Of its actual effect upon the industrial interests of the country no reliable opinion can be formed for another year. It has been customary in our Nation to enact tariff laws in a hit-or-miss sort of way; but it has rarely been proposed to change the tariff on such slight knowledge of its existing operations as at present. Congress should leave the tariff and he business interests of the Nation undisturbed for at least another year.

Railroads Completed and Railroads on Paper.

Just now there are a great many railroads being built——on paper. In every part of the country the iron horse has plowed his way, carrying prosperity to the people, developing commercial and agricultural communities that but a few years ago were wild prairies, or small hamlets dotting here and there the vast expanse of tillable, but untilled lands of the great northwest.

In 1879, Mr. C. C. Coffin, a well-known writer, paid Dakota and the north-west a visit, and wrote to Harper's Monthly an exceedingly entertaining description of the great wheat fields of that section, then but beginning to be developed.

Mr. Coffin, in that paper, prophesied that in future years all that country would be traversed with railroads and that the prairies would be dotted here and there with flourishing villages and thriving young cities.

The prophecy has been verified almost before the ink is dry, because the last year witnessed the completion of the Northern Pacific, and the iron horse now goes rushing through the continent to Puget Sound, carrying civilization and prosperity with him; and the great Canadian Pacific railway reaches up to Winnipeg and traverses Manitoba, and the North American dominions of the Queen. So that in Dakota and its boundless, and expansive and almost illimitable fields for the growth of grain, and the necessary commercial advantages, are to be found the benefits accruing from the building of railroads.

The steady and enterprising citizens of Ohio, of Illinois, of Iowa, of the eastern States, in fact from all parts of the country are found in great numbers seeking homes in this great territory, because of the natural advantages that together with the increased value thereof, necessarily following the completion of railroads, are afforded for the securing of homes and the accumulation of wealth.

But this wonderful development of the fertile north-west is only one instance out of many. The entire west furnishes evidences alike, and wherever prosperity attends a people, or a State or a town, it has invariably been preceded by this modern civilizer—the railroad.

We need not go from home to see this.

In a recent issue of THE AGE, that of January 26, we believe, a well informed correspondent pointed out in a convincing manner some of the advantages that had been reaped in the way of taxation by the building of the Pan Handle railroad; and reference was made to the little town of Rowville, in Tuscarawas county, following the completion of the Connotton Valley. Here was a point that was hardly worthy of the name of village—simply a country store and a post-office; yet it has developed within the year until the population has doubled many times over, new buildings have gone up and a thriving little town is to be found there.

Instances might be cited without end of the value of railroads to all communities, but we deem it useless. Every reading citizen, whether he be tax payer or not, recognizes the fact that without railroads there can be no development; and if the people of Coshocton—town and county—desire to see public improvements made, business affairs placed upon a foundation that is staple and not ephemeral, they must put their shoulders to the wheel, and aid in securing the proposed Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railway.

Time and again have the advantages to be gained by the building of this road been pointed out in these columns, and we believe every reader of this journal will agree with THE AGE that never in the history of the county since the completion of the Pan Handle has there been a proposition submitted that so vitally affected the interests of the whole people. Many recognize that heaven and earth should be moved to secure this road; but we want to assure such that it can be secured without any such violent methods.

The plan has been laid before the people, and the prominent feature is that a certain amount must be pledged *but not a dollar paid out until the road is completed.* There is positively no risk and no opportunity to lose that which you subscribe.

The duty of all tax payers is, therefore, plain: Settle in your own mind whether or not the road would benefit the county, and of necessity your property, and how much, approximately. Then decide upon what per cent. you can afford to pay to secure that increase in value, and go straightway and signify your willingness to pay it by subscribing. If this shall be done within a few weeks, there is no doubt as to the road being placed under contract by the opening of spring.

Locked up in the bank vaults of the Eastern cities are large sums of money, the owners of which only await opportunity for profitable investment, and if the necessary subscription and right of way is secured to enable the proprietors of this road to say to these capitalists that the people are anxious to have the road built, the vaults will be thrown open and work commenced. There should be hesitancy no longer, but an earnest effort made to secure that which will be the greatest boon ever offered the people of this part of the State.

With the building of this road the experience of Coshocton will in all probability be similar to that of other prosperous towns and cities that owe their commercial and other values to the building of railroads, to which reference has been made in this article.

THE Cincinnati Times-Star remarks: The flockmasters are persistent and zealous in their demand for the restoration of the ad valorem duties on wool. They will not not be satisfied with any tariff less protective than that of 1867. This wool question must get before Congress in some shape at the present session. It is a matter of life or death to a great industry. Wool growers claim, and have facts at hand which seem to show the truth of what they say, that under the tariff as it stands their business is rapidly going to ruin. The duties on imported wools fixed by Congress in 1867 gave the growers prices allowing a fair profit. Then the industry began to flourish. The number of sheep increased from 22,000,000 in 1867 to 28,000,000 in 1870, and the product from 60,000,000 pounds to 100,000,000 pounds. Four years ago there were 45,000,000 sheep in the United States and the annual product was 235,000,000 pounds. It is estimated that the annual product is now not less than 300,000,000 pounds. Such was the result of judicious protection. And it is noteworthy that while the product increased constantly and vastly, prices fell from 51 cents in 1867 to 42 cents in 1882. * * * Domestic wool can not compete with the cheap product of the sheep ranges of Australia.

If the tariff of 1867 was adopted upon the theory of Henry Clay and Horace Greely and other old school protectionists, that protection was only needed to foster industries and give Americans an opportunity to become so established that they could compete with the world, will the Times-Star please explain why the same protection is now needed, with the production of wool five times as great as when the tariff of 1867 was enacted? The talk of competing with Australian wool growers is the veriest bosh. The flocks that cut in on the profits of the Ohio wool growers are not found in Australia, but in New Mexico and Texas, where sheep are raised for a mere song, and two clips a year are secured. No tariff that can be levied upon wool will protect against these flocks; and if intelligent Ohio wool growers study the question they will readily observe that the demands made are not likely to be complied with. The only objection that can be urged to the wool tariff is that it does not correspond with that levied upon other industries—notably, the iron and steel trade, the products of which the farmer and wool grower is compelled to buy.

The tariff question is one that is calculated to muddle the brains of people more than any that can be brought before them, because it does not receive fair discussion.

Representatives in Congress demand that those articles in which their constituents are interested shall be heavily protected, even though the levying of the same will result in injury to the mass of the people; and by this system of logrolling the burdens are increased. If newspapers and public men would discuss the question in the light of the greatest good to the greatest number instead of in a demagogical spirit and appeals to prejudice, it would be better for the country and better for the parties.

Pennsylvania ideas of a protective tariff will not do to advocate in this day and date, and the sooner political leaders learn this the better will it be for them.

THE REVISED STATUTES.

A Complimentary Review of the Work Performed By Col. James M. Williams.

A resolution has been introduced in the Ohio Legislature to investigate the work performed by Col. Williams, of this town, in editing the third edition of the revised statutes, and compiling the third volume, which includes the laws passed after the codifying commission had performed their work. The resolution is perfectly right because, before a work receives the endorsement of the Legislature and State officials, they should be satisfied "it is good," and we know Col. Williams and his publishers will not fear the investigation.

Col. W. A. Taylor, the Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati News-Journal, says Col. Williams is "a gentleman whom I knew was as well qualified to perform the work, both from taste, education, and legal training, as any man in the State of Ohio—a student whose whole life has been devoted to statutory law, and who has at his command the most complete and comprehensive system of law references that is to be found anywhere."

Having examined the work thoroughly, Col. Taylor has no hesitancy in saying "it is the most complete revision, and the most clear, succinct, and comprehensive presentation of the statutes ever presented, and this can be said without disparagement to the revisers, editors and compilers of previous editions," and this he insists will be "endorsed by every lawyer in the State, including the judiciary, from the chief justice of the Supreme Court down to the justices of the peace in the back townships."

Col. Williams in his work has left nothing undone for "he was not merely content with annotating the amendments and citing cases. He has made his work a revision of the statutes, a treatise on law, a digest of decisions, and an encyclopedia of the principles of law, classified and arranged under the appropriate divisions and sections."

The correspondent then says: "Let us analyze by way of comparison. The previous editions, in the notes of decisions under the respective sections, not only failed to give many important references, and references coming down to the date of publication, but, as a rule, merely cited the cases and authorities, which had to be hunted up and examined to ascertain the principle involved or enunciated by the courts of last resort. Col. Williams has pursued an entirely different plan. Instead of merely citing the cases he has made his foot notes to consist of a series of syllabi, so to speak. That is to say, he cites the cases and the authority, and then gives the principle laid down by the court, so that a court or an attorney does not have to go beyond the foot note itself to learn the principle involved, unless it is desirable to examine the case in extenso."

"As a matter of course, any lawyer will understand the value of such foot notes, as his volumes of the revised statutes are also a digest, and he takes in at a glance the decision and the principle of law involved under every section, and if he wants to go further than the bare principle or naked decision, the accompany citations enable him to do so with the further advantage that the notes send him to the precise authority containing any given subdivision of the general principle. This confessedly valuable feature of the revision was not required by the joint resolution, and Colonel Williams added it of his own motion in addition to the annotations of the amendments to the statutes and the citations hitherto required.

"This is one of the admirable and excellent features to the work which makes it of incomparable value to magistrates and all attorneys who have not access to complete law libraries, for there is no decision under any section of the statute which Colonel Williams has not embraced in his foot notes concisely and succinctly, compressing a law library into two volumes of the statutes. In addition there is another feature not contemplated in the resolution, and almost as equally important as the one I have already referred to.

"This is the cross references to all the sections bearing on the same subject matter. Take for instance the section referring to the heads of public officials. To this section there is a marginal cross reference to every other section of the statutes that has any relation to the subject, whether it be proceeding to recover upon, or forfeit or cancel the bond, or to discharge sureties, to require additional sureties, or any other point involved. So with every other section on every other subject which is provided for in more than a single section. This cross reference is also between the civil and criminal statutes involving each other. Having found any subject in any section, the cross reference is an immediate index to every feature and every subdivision of that subject in either the civil or criminal laws. It is not necessary to point out the advantages of this part of the work, which, like the preceding, is unknown to any previous additions to the statutes. And still in addition are the marginal references to all the previous editions, keeping intact the historical continuity of State legislation.

"I do not know what carping objections may be made to the work; but I point out these as among its most distinctive merits, and, as I said in the beginning, I feel satisfied that the bench and the bar will alike agree with the estimate I place upon the work.

"The public statutes are generally, in a chaotic state, but the work done by Colonel Williams, in addition to the naked requirements of the joint resolution, confirms me in a belief that I have long entertained that, instead of this chaos, statutory law and legal principles can be brought to something like a perfect system, and the whole legal science, as applicable to the ordinary affairs of life, can be compressed into three or four ordinary volumes, outside the elementary works."

THE NEW TARIFF BILL

WHAT IS IT?

From the New York Sun (Dem.)

Mr. Morrison's tariff bill was presented to the House of Representatives yesterday. Is it a Revenue Only bill? No. Is it a Protectionist bill? Yes. Is it a bill of principle? No. Well, then, what is it? It looks like a bill of trickery; but let us wait and see.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

From the New York Herald (Ind.)

While the new bill cannot be said to have simplified the tariff, it promises to reduce duties, to modify many of the most exorbitant features to favor our manufactures by giving them cheap raw materials, and is at least a step in the right direction. Whether it will reduce revenue is another matter, and we think that the estimates put forth are unreliable.

NOT COMFORTING TO WOOL GROWERS.

From the Cleveland Herald (Rep.)

So far from any step being taken for the restoration of the duty on wool, Mr. Morrison's bill not only a positive reduction of 20 per cent. from the present reduced duties, but a provision is added by which a further reduction is possible. Should the price of imported wool and woolen goods be so reduced that the duty becomes more than 60 per cent. on the value at the last port whence exported, the surplusage is to be struck off. Thus there is a direct inducement for under valuation when the stated limit is approached. The same stipulation is made concerning metals, the limit being 50 per cent. ad valorem; and on cotton and cotton goods 40 per cent.

NOT SO HORIZONTAL.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch (Rep.)

It is noticeable, however, that the horizontal reduction is not so very horizontal after all. There are exceptions from reduction, and there are important exemptions from all duty whatever. The last is perhaps the most prominent feature of the bill. The placing of iron ore, coal, salt and lumber on the free list will be antagonized by extreme protectionist principles, of course. But the theory that would put a high tariff on these raw materials depends rather on log-rolling than on industrial principles and the great mass of the people are beginning to see that cheap ores will aid the iron mills, cheap lumber the building interests, while coal and salt will hardly be affected by the tariff.

WHAT IT WILL DO AND WHAT IT WILL NOT DO.

From the New York Tribune. (Rep.)

The beauties of the tariff bill are not apparent at first glance. Evidently the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee himself does not know exactly what they are. He says he shall set the experts in the Treasury Department to work immediately to find out. Colonel Morison however, "estimates" that his measure will reduce the tariff about 17 per cent. But whatever a further study of the bill may reveal, it may be described at present as a measure calculated to destroy the salt and pottery industries of the country; to put a stop to lead mining and copper mining; to lower the wages of coal and iron miners, and operatives in cotton and woolen mills; and to make wool-growing unprofitable. The prospect of these changes will not spread rejoicing over the entire country—nor cement the free trade and the protection wings of the Democratic party more firmly together.

IN a speech in the House of Representatives in 1870, upon the tariff question, Gen. Garfield said:

"Congress has become a terror to the business men of the country. This very day the great industries of the country are standing still, half paralyzed with the uncertainty which hangs over our proceedings here. A distinguished citizen of my own district has lately written me this significant sentence: 'If the laws of God and nature were as vacillating as the laws of Congress in relation to the business of its people, the universe would soon fall into chaos.'"

What was true in 1870 is true in 1884. Congress has become a great National nuisance, and instead of working for the interests of the people the time is devoted to log rolling to sectional or personal interests, and business suffers.

Another Original Blot Upon Ohio's Fair Name

It has been the boast of Ohio, that while she stood third in point of population and commercial importance, she has been second to none in morality, religion and education; yet, upon the fair face of Ohio's record stands the foul blot that during the year 1883 there were more murders committed in Ohio than in any other State of the Union. This is a deplorable fact, and one that should cause Ohio citizens to awake to a realizing sense of their shame, and put forth proper effort to overcome the lawlessness and sin and shame that is the cause thereof. The principal cause is explainable in one word "whisky."

The saloons of Ohio are directly the cause of more suffering than any other element in the State, and are indirectly the cause of nine tenths of the murders that are committed. Under these circumstances the Legislators of the State should hesitate to meddle with existing temperance laws other than to make them more stringent, because a return to free whisky can have but one result—an increase in the criminal record.

But it is not the intention to write of the temperance question in general, but to relate the history of an additional blot upon the fair name of Ohio, that had for a participant the keeper of a death hole saloon, and finally wound up by his soul being landed in eternity at the hand of an infuriated and intoxicated mob.

It occurred in Perry county, at a little mining town called Rendville, a few miles from Corning, and the time was last Sunday.

A history in brief is this: Among the citizens of that town was a young married man named John Clifford, and an old brute named Hickey, who kept a saloon attached to a house of ill-fame over which his beastly wife presided. A brother of John Clifford, Peter by name, became enamored of a step-daughter of old man Hickey, named Glenn, an inmate of the house of ill-fame, and notwithstanding the protests of his brother, married her. Of course John Clifford and his family, who were respectable and well to do people, refused to have aught to do with Peter and his wife, which greatly infuriated the Hickeys and Glenns. A brother of Peter's wife, one of the Glenn boys meeting Mrs. John Clifford on the streets last Saturday, insulted her, and therefore received a severe chastisement at the hands of her husband. During the succeeding night, old man Hickey and one of the Glennis went to the house of John Clifford and called him out, using a disguised voice and urging important business in the name of a friend. The door was no sooner opened than old man Hickey shot Clifford through the heart. Clifford fell back, saying, "Mary I am shot; Richard Hickey did it."

A daily paper thus completes the recital of what followed:

The news spread like wildfire, and soon the little home of the Cliffords was filled by excited neighbors. The wails and lamentations of the young wife were pitiable as she threw herself on the prostrate form of the murdered man, and begged him to speak. "Richard Hickey did it," sounded in the ears of the almost stupefied people, and when the Marshal started in quest of the murderer, a dozen strong men promptly volunteered their aid. The old man, whose age is given at sixty-five, was found at home, disrobing preparatory to retiring. He betrayed no alarm or concern, and promptly accompanied the officer to the village prison.

A brother of Hickey's wife, named Reddy, was soon after arrested, and the two men were kept under close guard all night and the next day until the time for the hearing. Sunday afternoon the preliminary trial of Richard Hickey, who had been formally charged with murder began. At seven o'clock a band of men appeared at the building, and without ceremony they quietly took Hickey, Reddy and the young man, Mike Glenn, and marched them rapidly through the main street towards Corning. Arriving at a large sycamore tree, whose spreading branches offered a dozen gibbets, they halted, and a rope was placed about Reddy's neck. He was drawn up, but at the suggestion of some by-stander, let down. The miserable fellow piteously begged for his life, vociferously shouted his innocence, and was finally permitted to slip away. It was then proposed to dispose of Mike Glenn, but better counsels prevailed and he was allowed to disappear in the darkness. The blood of the ring leaders was up, and they must have vengeance. Old man Hickey was ordered to step forth, and the aged man, without betraying a sign of fear, face the crowd. His sullen, defiant countenance and brutal leer, as he surveyed the maddened throng, roused

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the mob to the highest pitch of frenzy and a quarter inch bed rope was quickly passed around his neck, the other end thrown over a convenient limb; in a second he was dangling between heaven and earth. Somebody yelled: "He hasn't had a chance to pray," and he was lowered. The tongue was protruding from the mouth, the eyeballs starting from their sockets and not a sound escaped the doomed man's lips. A second time the executioners pulled on the rope and Hickey was jerked into the air. The cord broke under the heavy strain, and the prisoner fell heavily to the ground. Another rope was procured and again the now half dead man was strung up. At this point in the proceedings someone shouted: "The Sheriff is coming," and the crowd scattered, allowing the old man to drop again to the ground. It was soon ascertained that it was a false alarm, and the fourth time the wretch was hoisted to the feet, the rope being secured and the swinging body was left suspended. An hour later the Coroner cut down the lifeless form, and the body was conveyed to the Mayor's office where it was prepared for burial. The verdict of the Coroner was, that Richard Hickey came to his death at the hands of persons to him unknown. Mrs. Hickey and her son, Mike Glenn, were taken to the County Jail at New Lexington for safe keeping.

The excitement over the double crime was intense and added thereto the mob secured whisky, which resulted in such a scene as never was before witnessed in an Ohio town.

The world, no doubt, is better off rid of the presence of old man Hickey, but the mob that did it have blood stained hands that "all the perfumes of Arabia" cannot eradicate and, upon the face of Ohio is written once more the dread and now oft repeated words "Whisky did it."

SAYS an exchange that is sometimes disposed to be cynical:

Mr. Plumb, reflecting that the pension list is not large enough, since it contains only a little more than three hundred thousand names, has introduced a bill that endeavors to partly repair this great public want. Among those whom he would add to the rolls are all who, though discharged from the army, after service in the civil war, in good health, and without wounds or any disease acquired in the service, now feel "unable, by reason of physical disability, to earn their subsistence." How many cases might be covered by this new class of indisposed pensioners no one knows; and Mr. Plumb, at least, does not care.

The Government can not do too much for its defenders, in time of war; but it should not open the avenues of fraud upon the treasury too broad. We very much fear that Mr. Plumb, of Kansas, is looking more after votes for Mr. Plumb than he is after the welfare of the people.

SOME idea of the magnitude of the great north-west may be gleaned from this statement, sent out by the Northern Pacific Railroad:

"The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has for sale over 1,000,000 acres of land in Minnesota; over 8,000,000 acres in north Dakota; over 19,000,000 acres in Montana; over 1,756,000 acres in Northern Idaho; and about 13,000,000 acres in Washington and Oregon."

Aside from this there are millions of acres owned by the Government. Uncle Sam's resources have never been put to a test, and the magnitude thereof is almost inconceivable.

Pauper Hens of Europe.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The American hen is entirely unprotected against the pauper labor of the European hen. Eggs are allowed to come in free of duty. Only a few days since the price of eggs in New York went sailing up to fifty cents, an extraordinary figure, and there is no telling where it would have been by this time if a ship load, 80,000 dozen had not arrived direct from Germany. These are selling at 35 cents, which is about 25 cents more than they cost already limed and packed. There is a movement on foot, however, to get a bill through the present Congress giving our home talent a chance to exist. The hens in this section are quite apathetic and are not kicking very strong against their German sisters. Even the extreme high price of 3½ cents per egg does not stimulate them to as vigorous scratching and cackling as might be expected. Why doesn't the American hen get down to work in earnest and say to the feathered serfs of the Old World: "Lay on, dominique, and broiled be she that first cackles o'er an empty nest."

Rather Effective. We Should Say.

From the Guernsey Times.

Old Tuscarawas is stirring up the whisky sellers. The late grand jury was in session nearly three weeks and found ninety-three indictments eighty-one of which were for selling liquor contrary to law. The returns from the Scott law are coming in, and an increased number of indictments for violation of the liquor law is shown to be the result of its operation all over the State. They both indict and convict under the Scott law. By this time next year it will have driven out of existence one-half of the saloons now doing business. And yet the Democracy generally, and the Cambridge Jeffersonian, in particular, claimed it was not a temperance law,

EDUCATIONAL.

To the Teacher of the Mixed School.

Do not flatter yourself that you are unnoticed, because your lot is cast in one of the most remote corners of the earth. You are a public character, and we know all about you. You teach in District Number Five, Birchville,—that sleepy little town in No-Where county. Your school numbers all the way from ten to forty or fifty, and includes all ages from five to fifteen. You try to teach a primary, an intermediate, a grammar school at once, with perhaps a few high-school studies thrown in for variation. You are a normal-school graduate, or have gained inspiration from Quincy or Canton. Perhaps you have read of better things than you before knew in the pages of some educational magazine or paper.

It is taken for granted that you are earnest, sensible and ambitious; that you have the teachable as well as the teacher's spirit. You do not wish to grasp wildly at every new theory propounded, neither are you to shut out truth, even if it comes to you in new and startling guise. Your aim is to bring order out of chaos. In your heart of hearts you have the determination to overcome difficulties, and not succumb to the prevailing theory that a mixed school must of necessity be a howling wilderness. Others have been in your place before, some are still; so don't feel that talk is cheap, and reform impossible.

In the first place, don't have too many classes. We have all heard of the teacher who had twenty-four pupils and twenty-five classes. This is true in spirit if not in fact of many mixed schools, and enough to ruin any teacher's efforts. Of course you must have a larger number of classes than a graded school.

Study *combination;* direct all the genius you possess to that point, but in such a way that no pupil will be seriously kept back, or pushed ahead beyond his ability. It is often a delicate and difficult thing to combine two classes. Here all the tact and skill of the teacher comes into play. One class has perhaps taken fractions, a second has just finished division. Put the two classes together, and take up some new subject—decimals, for example. By-and-by, when a union of spirit has been effected, turn your attention to fractions again; thus in reality taking up all dropped stitches. Make your teaching so plain and impressive that even the dullest can follow. Fit its spirit to those slower minds; the bright ones will take care of themselves.

Those who have had a taste of the subject before will not be harmed by the review. Indeed you will be surprised to see how much they need it. You will be obliged to give some extra thought and care to the duller pupils, who might easily fall back if left to themselves. This union may not all be effected at once; you must plan for it, look ahead to it, work up to it. Frequently weeks must elapse before any two classes can be brought to a point where they can be safely united on a new subject.

You have in your school, perhaps, a large number of small children. The best thing for both parties is to send them home at recess, both sessions. If this is not allowed, give long recesses, and furnish some out-door occupation that will be safe and interesting. One school yard, to our knowledge, has in one corner a great heap of beach-sand, where the little ones dig in perfect bliss, filling small carts and pails, building forts and digging wells and trenches. Once in a while the stones of the school ground are carted off.

For in-door occupation the mixed school may collect an endless variety of objects. Blocks, splints, drawing and building cards, beads and straws for stringing, paper animals and geometric forms cut from pasteboard to draw around, bits of glass, shells, paper dolls, paint-boxes, patchwork, picture books, Christmas and advertising cards, scrap books, a Noah's ark, Crandall's villages and acrobats, will be found useful. For busy work, stories, drawings, number-lessons on cards and slips of paper or copied from the board will be found indispensable. Select several of the older pupils to give out and keep in order these objects. Let it be a post of honor to be earned by extra neatness and good behavior. Have lists of the various occupations and specified times for their usage. This is better than indiscriminate choosing.

Very likely such a course will provoke some criticism, for people are found everywhere who will condemn all play, even if it be for the benefit of a whole school and an overworked teacher. You will meet fathers and mothers who do not see why six-year-old Tommy or Grace should not study or work all day even in a mixed school. They seem to be utterly oblivious that the school contains anyone but Tommy and Grace; and do not see why the teacher should not be ready at any, every, and all times to attend to them. If you have tact and kindliness you may succeed in pointing out to these parents the fact that there are several other pupils in the room besides Tom and Grace, and that they must have some attention, and that to insure a quiet room during recitations in geography and grammar, little folks must be happily occupied.

Very likely that fertile brain of yours if set to work thinking will form some plan even better than here mentioned. But whatever you do, do not be guilty of forcing little children to sit still with nothing to do, for long portions of time. Such a course is injurious to the health, dulling to the mind, and the cause of the listless, dawdling, inattentive habits so many children fall into. Children are apt to form curious ideas of what "being good" in school means. "I have been *so* good," says one little pet after reaching home, "I sat up straight and folded my hands, and didn't stir *once.*"

Not only must the teacher in a mixed school be skillful in combination and practical methods for insuring quiet, but her executive ability must shine out especially in her programme of daily exercises.

Due time must be given to the preparation and recitation of each lesson. You must decide in your own mind which are the most important, or which from the condition of the pupils will demand the greatest amount of attention. It is best to begin with some general exercise like music or a slate-exercise in writing. If the latter is chosen, the whole school can profitably join. The object will be to teach the letter itself to the smaller children, and to the older ones perfections of outline. After this, the older classes may prepare arithmetic and spelling, while the teacher hears the primary and baby classes in their various exercises from primer, chart or blackboard. Each little group, as seated, may copy the words of the lesson from card or blackboard, or the number lesson or figure that has been taught them in the last drawing lesson; or occupy themselves with any "busy work" the teacher may select, while the babies play. The morning and afternoon sessions before recess should be devoted to primary work, the remainder of the time to advanced pupils.

Do not slight the smaller for the older. Remember that with the little ones you are laying the foundations of future scholarship. Avoid the formation of habits that will cause you, or some one after you, anguish of spirit in breaking up. Your path is the most difficult one trodden by the teacher; but if you have pluck, energy, and executive power, you may infinitely improve your situation.

The atmosphere of your school can be neither primary, intermediate or grammar,—but polyglot. The ideal primary school should be a free, busy, happy, *motherly* place. The teacher, above all, should *feel free.* The grammar school is more formal, conventional. Its ways do not suit babies fresh from home, and the playful, affectionate manner of presenting knowledge to little children often proves distracting to the always curious, easily diverted, older pupil.

There is a place where the line must be drawn, but just where you must discover for yourself; no one can tell you. You will live in a sense of hurry, for it will be your lot to rush from one thing to another, with the feeling that nothing is well done. This is a misfortune that cannot be wholly remedied so long as mixed schools exist. All that you can do is to learn by constant experience how to condense, both in *time,* energy and special effort. Remember that ten minutes of effective teaching is more telling than half an hour of languid effort.

Visit other schools as often as allowed, and be especially active in culling the various little, economic methods to be found by noticing. You will never be able to do showy work, for the whole situation is against you. Perfection of detail takes the time and undivided attention you cannot give. But you may do some things thoroughly and well. Choose what these things shall be, and if the range is not wide, console yourself with the thought that one thing really accomplished is better than a smattering of many subjects.

You are lonely, isolated; therefore you must all the more come out of yourself. Do not scorn educational papers and teachers' conventions; above all, do not hastily conclude that the good things that proceed from both sources apply only to graded schools.

Good teaching is nowhere more needed than in the mixed school. Still who can blame you if you will not spend your life there? While it develops ingenuity and executive power, it also exhausts. There is less opportunity for the teacher to perfect herself in any one thing, being obliged to scatter her energy over so much ground. Yet it is safe to say that one who can manage wisely and well forty pupils in an ungraded school may prove capable in any other kind of a school.

So, dear teacher, though Birchville is primitive, and Number Five still slumbering the sleep of ages, it is in your power to bring about better things. You may bring life out of death, progress from decay. For in these remote corners are little children,—just as fair and sweet and precious as any that the world holds. Therefore your work can never be contemptible, or in vain.—*Kate L. Brown in Journal of Education.*

Perry's "Singing Birds."

Perry was a rich planter in the Patuxent Valley, with a broad vein of humor. The broad, deep Patuxent afforded an excellent cruising ground to the British fleet after it had landed the British troops. One day while the British ships were lying in the river Perry got a well-filled hornet's nest, plugged up its opening, put on his working clothes and rowed up to the flagship. In the uncouth local dialect he offered the gray ball to the young officers as a nest full of rare singing birds of remarkable voice, of unusual intelligence and warm attachments. The officers clubbed together and offered him a guinea for his birds. This he gratefully accepted and then he handed the nest to the unsuspecting young men. He suggested to them that it would be well not to open the nest till he got to shore, inasmuch as the affectionate little things might follow their old friend. This was an excellent suggestion. To make sure the officers took the nest into the cabin and shut the doors, leaving a marine on deck to catch Perry's signal. At the word the officers opened the nest, and, without any unnecessary delay, the cabin door also. With somewhat undignified haste, officers, marines, and seaman swarmed to the bulwarks, and then over the sides, in comical confusion, closely followed by Perry's affectionate little singing birds. Perry laughed till he cried, as one by one the Britishers sought the cool shelter of the placid Patuxent.—*Washington Letter.*

A Doubtful Educator.

An old farmer in New Jersey, better known as New Spain, was recently elected a school commissioner.

The new applicant for the position made a favorable impression on the old gentleman and became duly installed as teacher.

At the close of the first week's school under the new head, the old man was making a critical examination of a composition which had been read by his daughter, when he came across the word mosquito.

"What does that word mean?" he demanded of his daughter.

"Mosquito?" she said. "Why, you know what mosquito means."

"Skeeter, and is that what it is?" shouted the old farmer. "Well, you don't go to that school no more. I won't have no darter of mine teached by a man who spells skeeter with an m."—*Philadelphia Call.*

No Chloroform Wanted.

A farmer living a few miles from Austin, whose wife was troubled with an aching tooth, decided one day to come to town with her for the purpose of having it extracted. The pair took a seat in the cars, and soon after the train started the farmer walked forward into the smoking car, telling his wife he would be back directly. While her husband was absent the conductor came leisurely along, ticket punch in hand, and approaching the old lady, reached over for her ticket, whereupon the victim of the toothache opened her mouth and caught him, saying: "You needn't mind giving me chloroform, doctor; just pull it right out anyhow. I can stand it, and when John comes he'll settle with yer."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Chinese are badly in need of gunboats, and it is possible that if we move quickly we may be able to trade our navy for a couple of genuine antique vases, which will hold water if they won't float.—*Philadelphia Call.*

FOR THE FARMER.

STOCKMEN AND CONGRESS.

There is an important work before the committee which was appointed by the National Convention of Stockmen in Chicago to go to Washington and promote the interests of stock owners. Their duties are especially to secure such action by Congress as will serve to lessen the losses which are brought upon the American owner of live stock. These losses are enormous. The injuries and death of the animals through contagious diseases bring very heavy loss; but these are vastly increased by the restrictions placed upon our live stock and dressed-meat export traffic by foreign countries. France, always friendly towards America, has removed her prohibition against pork from this country, but Germany has not yet found it agreeable or polite to do so. England cannot consistently permit cattle from the United States to enter Great Britain without first changing her law prohibiting the importation of living cattle from any country where contagious diseases are known to exist. Some of these diseases have been and are now prevalent in some parts of the United States, and as the States are one country, as England has been able to learn within the last twenty years, she cannot be convinced that cattle from the West might, under practical and proper regulations, be taken into Great Britain without in even the slightest degree endangering the health of cattle. As the traffic in live stock is now managed Great Britain is certainly justified in closing her doors against cattle from the States, for there are no valid laws to prevent the movement of cattle from an infected district in one State to any district in any other State.

The enactment of a law which will meet all the requirements of the case will tax the abilities of the wisest of the statesmen whose courage is tempered by regard for place. Even the warmest of the friends of the live-stock interests are hardly sure of what they want and how much they want. They will not be content with any narrow act which will provide only for the control or the extinction of contagious pleuro-pneumonia, or for preventing the approach of foot-and-mouth disease. Much has been done lately to arouse attention to the losses which have been and may be caused by those diseases, but it will not be forgotten that trichinæ, hog-cholera, Spanish-fever, glanders, chicken-cholera, anthrax, and other contagious diseases are prevalent in the States and deserve attention. It is not so clear that one general law can be made to cover all the demands of the case and do justice to all. It is quite certain that no law can be passed which will not create dissatisfaction in some parts of the country. The selection of men who are not more anxious to hear their own voices and push their own personality in council; who will not speak their minds so freely as to make the promoters of the good cause exclaim: "Save us from our friends;" who will not use the occasion more to push their own private interests rather than the public ones they have been chosen to serve, will doubtless make the committee of representatives of the stockmen a most efficient one.

APIARY PROFITS.

My apiary has been conducted strictly on the modern system of bee culture and the results have been wonderful to the uninitiated. My apiary, situated as it is in a fine farming section, is regarded as a great curiosity by the people, and quite a number of people of both sexes have visited it and expressed the greatest astonishment at its magnitude and management. In the early spring I only laid in enough supplies for an average honey season, and when the rush came the supplies ran out and I lost heavily on that account. This loss has not been altogether a "loss," as it has taught me a valuable lesson, i. e., to keep a bountiful lot of supplies on hand at the right time. A further source of loss was a failure to prevent swarming. Heretofore I confidently believed that I possessed the skill to govern the swarming impulse. But this season has either been an exception or I was mistaken in part.

The best result obtained from a single colony and its increase was 296 pounds of surplus honey. This colony (imported stock), was allowed to send out but one swarm, after which the queen cells were removed and further increase thereby prevented. The parent hive gave 175 pounds, and the "swarm" gave 121 pounds, making the aggregate as above, 296 pounds. At the price of 15 cents per pound, the price for which my honey sells at my apiary store room; this one colony has given $43.95 worth of honey, while the increase—one good swarm—is worth more than enough to cover all labor and expenses. My first six swarms gave 600 pounds of extract of honey of the first quality—an average of 100 pounds each, or in the aggregate $90 worth of honey. Several colonies made seventy-two one-pound (section) boxes of comb honey each, at 20 cents a pound, giving $14.40 as the income from each hive employed in making this class of goods.

The result will suffice to show whether or not the apiary will pay when in the hands of a "bee-master." I am satisfied that if an apiary was situated in a locality where white clover and linden timber abounds, I could make double the figures above. Nevertheless it should be borne in mind that skill and adaptability in the apiarist are absolutely essential to success.—*Correspondence Farmer's Journal.*

HINTS ON POULTRY-RAISING.

Mr. A. M. Halstead, an Eastern poultry-raiser, and the author of a recent work on artificial incubation, gives the following suggestions on the location of a yard and the construction and arrangement of the buildings: In the first place, the site of the yard should be a dry situation, with a southern or southeastern slope. If on the bank of a lake or a pond, well; but a small running stream is preferable. A rough piece of land, with some underbrush and rocks, is not objectionable, unless the rocks are broken or piled up, so as to make a harbor for rats or weasels. Some underbrush is desirable for shade. Currant bushes make a good shade and their fruit is good for the fowls. In the buildings to shelter the fowls it is better to have a number of small houses rather than one of large size for the breeding stock. A convenient as well as economical way is to build each house double; that is, to shelter two yards of fowls, letting the dividing fence join the house in the center. Houses twelve feet long by six feet wide will make two apartments, each large enough to accomodate fifty hens and four cocks, which are as many as should be kept together. Ventilation must not be overlooked, and in hot weather should be ample. The yard for this number of fowls should not be less than an eighth of an acre, two-thirds of which should be in grass; the remainder should be in bare earth and should be plowed or spaded in alternate sections every week. A small shed, not necessarily more than two or three feet high, should be constructed, and under this prepare the dusting ground of fine sand, wood ashes and a little tobacco dust. In another part of the yard place a trough or shallow box, in which keep a supply of fine gravel. In case, however, the soil of the yard is gravelly, this is not necessary.

In fencing the yards the hight of the fences will have to be regulated by the breed of fowls kept. The Asiatic fowls will stay inside of almost any sort of an enclosure, while the Leghorns and other light footed fowls will readily fly over a fence six feet high. In addition to the buildings for the breeding stock there will be required a setting or hatching room, a nursery for the young chicks, which should be partially covered with glass, and a second building into which they can be moved when 4 or 5 weeks old. The size of these buildings of course, to be governed by the extent of the business.

DOCILITY OF CATTLE.

Docility is a valuable quality in cattle as well as other stock. It is generally considered the result of handling the individual animal; but this is not entirely true. Like many other characteristics it may become inbred and hereditary. For instance, the Holland cows have been petted and kept docile for generations, till the young seem to naturally like to be handled, and no trouble is found in breaking heifers of this breed with their first calf, but as a rule they are gentle from the start.

While the cattle on the farm should, as a matter of both convenience and economy, be so tamed as to be quiet in the presence of the feeder, cows especially should be broken to the halter. There are so many occasions when it is necessary to remove them from place to place, when the comfort and saving of time in handling one broken to the halter will easily repay the trouble of a few lessons in earlier life. A calf can be quickly taught and is good work for the boys on the farm, and if once broken they will not forget with the handling they are likely to receive after.

We are often reminded of this neglect to break them in when cattle are led into the ring at fairs. Many, even of high bred herds that are expected to be properly trained, are almost unmanageable and do not show well because they are untamed.

AN AGRICULTURAL CREED.

The following is a creed adopted by a recent agricultural convention in Canada:

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation; we believe that the soil lives to eat, as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured; we believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, deep plowing, and enough of it—all the better if it be a subsoil plow; we believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer rich at the same time; we believe that every farm should own a good farmer; we believe that the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, intelligence—without these lime, gypsum and guano would be of little use; we believe in good fences, good farm-houses, good orchards and good children enough to gather in the fruit; we believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, a clean conscience; we believe that to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit; we believe that to keep a place for everything and everything in its place saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good tools and keeping them in order; we believe that kindness to stock, like good shelter, is saving of fodder; we believe that it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all, good and bad; we believe it is a good rule to sell grain when it is ready; we believe in producing the best butter and cheese, and marketing it when ready.

History of Old Maids.

It will perhaps rather startle many of the sex to learn that some illustrious fathers of the church have held the doctrine that "when our progenitors were first created it was the intention of Heaven that Eve herself should become an old maid." And further, that, according to St. Romuald, Eve herself, in the ninety-ninth year of the world, instituted a religious order of "certain young women, who were to continue virgins, and preserve unextinguished the fire which had fallen from Heaven on the sacrifice of Abel." The latter myth is evidently identical with that of the origin of the Vestal Virgins in Rome. Then we have the story of Kunaza, the most beautiful of all the ninety-and-three daughters of Enoch, who, "in the 291st year of her age rejected the last offer that was made to her of marriage," and remained single to her death. Passing from mythical tradition to history, the author mentions as a fact worth noticing that throughout the whole history of the Jews there is no record of the existence of any one distinguished old maid. Nor was spinsterhood held in any more favor among the Greeks and Romans, though the honor and respect paid to Diana, and Minerva, and the Vestal Virgins would seem to imply that under certain circumstances old maids were tolerated. But after the Christian era, as our author points out with much learning and ingenuity, there was an "infinite increase of old maids." The whole sex seems to have been inflamed with a passion for virginity, which was eagerly fostered by many of the most distinguished fathers of the church.

How Fitch Proposed.

The story about A. T. Stewart's first love and how he won her from "Gaffer Clinch, the ship builder," reminds us of the way in which General Sherman answered Mr. Fitch when he addressed Miss Minnie. He was then only a young assistant engineer (a position equal to ensign in the line); but love laughs at locksmiths, rank and fortune, and he was so thoroughly in love he took himself to the general without hesitation, and asked permission to address his daughter.

"Want to marry my daughter, do you? God bless my soul! What do you want to do that for?"

Mr. Fitch modestly urged his affection, adding the pleas usual to such occasions.

The general sat thinking, his face alternately softening and frowning as he thought of his daughter and the presumptuous youth who wanted to take her away from home and kindred. Suddenly he turned on his audience of one and sternly asked—you can imagine how he did it:

"Young man! what can you do?"

"Make an engine and put it together as well as any man in the country!" He almost shouted in answer, for he was nervous and feared a refusal.

"Good!" said the general. "You can have her, my boy."—*Washington Advertiser.*

A CURIOUS WATCH CHARM.

One of the Suckers Secured in a Submarine Struggle with an Octopus.

"That's an odd charm," said a reporter to a traveling companion on the New York Central Railroad.

"So it is," was the reply, "and it has a story," holding up a curious oval object in which was set a compass. It formed a bowl two inches in diameter, and was of a substance resembling fish scales, but of rich opal hue. The edge was serrated, and within them had been placed a compass. "If you didn't know what it was," continued the owner, "you'd never guess, but not to keep you in suspense, it's the sucker of an octopus that attacked me once. If you remember, about four years ago there was a rumor to the effect that valuable pearl fisheries had been discovered on the Alaska coast; in fact a large jewelry house in New York displayed some large pearls that it was claimed came from that locality. It fooled a good many, as it turned out to be a dodge to start immigration, and it caught me for one. I secured five men, good divers, and started across the continent, and got there to find that it was a swindle. There wasn't a pearl within 2,000 miles, and to get my money back I went into the regular diving business, and after raising several vessels we squared up and left.

"It was during one of these trips that I got my charm. We generally went down in pairs, but this day we were working on a small smack that had sunk, and I took the first spell down alone, to see what was the matter with her. She was lying in about forty feet of water, some of her running gear afloat showing where she was. We anchored our sloop to it, put out a mooring, and in a few moments I was going slowly down. To feel that you are strapped to weights and going down to a depth where if a blow should cut your pipe you would be anchored for good isn't pleasant, to say the least. In about five minutes I reached the deck, and as I wanted first to find out what had hit her, I walked forward, swinging myself round the shrouds and ropes. I swung off and I found that two of her planks had burst right out. She was loaded with pig iron, and I reckoned the sea had jerked the bottom out of her. Having settled this I walked around her to the lee side, the bottom being a hard, clear sand, and there I easily stepped aboard and walked toward the hatch. It was wide open, and as I stepped near it I saw something that I took for a rope hanging over the coamings. Taking my boat-hook I gave it a punch, and it seemed to fall off into the hatch. One of the main yards was hanging clear, and, taking it, I swung off and lowered myself into the hold to see if the iron had been covered with sand.

"Down I went, my hook in one hand and the halyard in the other, and when near the bottom I let go. In a second I landed on a soft yielding mass that, bound as I was, gave me a sickening sensation. It moved from under me, and in a moment I seemed to be surrounded by the flying arms of some hideous creature. They clasped my legs, wound around my body, and fastened about my helmet, gradually drawing me down and horrifying me so that for a moment I was utterly powerless. But at the first alarm I had given the signal to draw me up, and having a large knife fastened at my waist, I attacked the monster, cutting it anywhere that I could strike. In a moment the animal had lifted itself so that its body rested against my chest, and it seemed to be about as large as a flour barrel, with legs extending out from it, like the legs of a spider. I hacked at it with the knife, my armor preventing it from biting or cutting me, and soon had the satisfaction of cutting it fairly in two, so that it partly dropped off, and I tore the remaining arms away. I was dragged to the surface with part of it, however, clinging to me. I was about exhausted with the work and nervous prostration, and if they hadn't unscrewed the helmet immediately I should have dropped; but a few minutes in fresh air revived me, and in that time I closed my career as a diver. I don't think $1,000,000 would have tempted me to go down again."

"And the charm?"

"This charm, as I said, was one of the suckers that lined the arms, and had so cut into the rubber part of my sleeve that it had been torn from the animal in the struggle, and as it was rich in color I kept it as a curiosity. When I reached the surface the men hauled up half the octopus with a boat-hook. I tell you it was a fearful sight. The arms, when stretched out on opposite sides of the body, measured exactly twenty-seven feet from tip to tip. On their under sides were these suckers, each one a shelly cup with a saw-like edge."—*New York Sun.*

Some Descriptive Words of One Novelist About Another.

It is always pleasant to read what one novelist says of another, and the paper on Ivan Turgenieff, the Russian writer, by Henry James, in the January *Atlantic*, is full of interest. He thus describes the personal appearance of Turgenieff:

He was with everything that was said, and the simplicity, naturalness, bonhomie, of his talk made it as charming as it was just. His contribution to every discussion always touched the essential part of it.

I did not intend to go into these details immediately, for I had only begun to say what an impression of magnificent manhood he made upon me when I first knew him. That impression, indeed, always remained with me, even after it had been brought home to me how much there was in him of the quality of genius. He was a beautiful intellect, of course, but above all he was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep, soft, lovable spirit, in which one felt all the tender part of genius, with his immense, fair Russian physique was one of the most attractive things I have known. He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal; but there was not a grain of brutality in his composition. He had always been a

PASSIONATE SPORTSMAN.

To wander in the woods or the steppes with his dog and gun, was the pleasure of his heart. Late in life he continued to shoot, and he had a friend in Cambridgeshire for the sake of whose partridges, which were famous, he used sometimes to cross the channel. It would have been impossible to imagine a better representation of a nimrod of the north. He was exceedingly tall, and broad and robust in proportion. His head was one of the finest, and though the lines of his features were irregular there was a great deal of beauty in his face. It was eminently of the Russian type—almost everything in it was wide. His expression had a singular sweetness, with a touch of Slav languor, and his eye, the kindest of eyes, was deep and melancholy. His hair, abundant and straight, was as white as silver; and his beard, which he wore trimmed quite short, was of the color of his hair. In his tall person, which was very striking wherever it appeared, there was an air of neglected strength, as if it had been a part of his modesty never to remind himself that he was strong. He used sometimes to blush like a boy of 16. He had very few forms and ceremonies and almost as

LITTLE MANNERS

as was possible to a man of his natural *prestance.* His noble appearance was in itself a manner; but whatever he did he did very simply and he had not the slightest pretension of not being subject to rectification. I never saw any one receive it with less irritation. Friendly, candid, unaffectedly benignant, the impression that he produced most strongly and most generally was, I think, simply that of goodness. * * As on the part of other Russians whom I have known, there was something almost Asiatic in

HIS FACULTY OF PROCRASTINATION.

But even if one suffered from it a little, one thought of it with kindness, as a part of his general mildness and want of rigidity. He went to Russia, at any rate, at intervals not unfrequent, and he spoke of these visits as his best time for production. He had an estate far in the interior and here, amid the stillness of the country and the scenes and figures which gave such a charm to the "Memoirs of a Sportsman," he drove his pen without interruption.

It is not out of place to allude to the fact that he possessed considerable fortune; for such an accident in the life of a man of letters has the highest importance. It has been of great value to Turgenieff, and I think that much of the fine quality of his work is owing to it.

Highway Legislation.

The legislative as well as the public attention has frequently been called to the necessity of some legislation which will conduce with the betterment of the roads of the state. We hold conventions, and there listen to theories advanced which are many and varied, but after all the discussion no satisfactory conclusion is reached, scarcely any two agree in opinion, save that the roads are not as good as may be, and finally adjournment is had, and we retire to our homes either confused respecting the whole matter, or suddenly confirmed in our previous idea. The truth is, this subject of improvement of the public highways is an exceedingly difficult, as well as a perplexing, one, and will tax to the utmost the ingenuity and wisdom of the legislative department.

For myself, I confess my opinions of the best methods of dealing with the question are not as satisfactory as I could wish, but I am well convinced that something needs be done in improvement of our road system. With a road tax list of nearly a half million dollars, it does seem to me the general condition of the highways should be bettered. The law allows a large portion of the road tax to be paid in labor, and therein, I think, is much of the difficulty under which we are laboring. If this tax was all payable in money, as I believe it should be, the same in the hands of a competent supervisor would accomplish much more than is now possible, and better roads would result. This will be conceded by every one.

Again, I incline to the opinion that it would be far better if we had but one roadmaster in the township, who should be held responsible for the condition of the roads therein, and that he be appointed by the trustees, and be accountable to them for his official action.

Akin to this matter of roads is that of bridges, in which all the people are equally interested. The tax for the building and repair of highway bridges amounts to over $1,000,000 annually, and while it is true that our bridges are generally good ones, there are frequent times when the funds in hand are not sufficient to keep them in good repair, and the public suffers in consequence. Occasionally bridges are lost through high waters in the streams, and in townships where the bridges are many, and the cost considerable, the public is frequently inconvenienced through the want of funds with which to rebuild the same, even though the maximum tax may have been levied. I suggest the propriety of increasing the powers of the trustees in such cases, and having gained the consent of the board of supervisors thereto, that they be authorized to levy such additional tax as will replace the bridges swept away. I deem this matter important, as in the direction of better highway privileges.

I must call your attention to the fact that the law requiring supervisors to place the proper guide-boards at highway crossings, is not enforced, save in a very few road districts, throughout the entire state. Travelers complain thereat. Would it not be well to affix a penalty to all supervisors who fail to promptly obey this reasonable requirement?—*From Governor Sherman's Message to the Iowa Legislature.*

Finland, "the last born daughter of the sea," Dr. J. C. Brown says, is the only country in Europe in which sartage—that is, the practice of setting fire to the trees in order to clear the ground—is still carried on extensively. The clearing away of the woods is to prepare the earth for agriculture, but as much, or more, by the preparation of the soil for the cultivation of the seed contemplated, and this is the peculiarity of the usage. The trees growing on the spot selected are burned, and the seed is then sown on the soil thus manured with the ashes of the trees. Should the ground thus cleared not be permanently retained under cultivation, it is likely to become covered again with a crop of self grown trees of higher pecuniary value.

When a large house-dog comes out with an announcement of himself, a man knows what he has got to meet; but when one of these hasty little Spitz dogs, without a bark at all, runs behind and nips, you don't know whether to run or stand still, whether to fight or give it up. Now, an enemy that is an enemy outwardly and strikes a fair blow, can be met—but whisperers, backbiters, mean folks who follow you and nip you, and sneak in and out the fence to save themselves—and we are commanded to pray for them. You don't need any command to damn 'em. That, nature dictates. But grace turns that all out. The meanest kind of men, who, with all the manner of a coward have the venom of a serpent—oh, mayn't I damn 'em? No, not till you have prayed for them first.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

In Europe the states which have most women are Portugal and Germany. Greece has a few more men than women.

Eating Ostrich Eggs.

One ostrich egg for ten guests is the pattern at the California ostrich farm. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said Dwight Whiting, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess one egg will be enough," and having given utterance to this expression, quoth the Anaheim *Gazette*, he wended his way to the paddock and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. The triumph of the feast was the egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there was then some misgiving as to its being cooked the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg was laid on the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in duck eggs, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes twenty-eight hen eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare; and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that ostrich egg was good.

Mrs. ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana, wife of the proposed democratic candidate for the presidency, is a remarkably beautiful woman. She has white hair, large brown eyes, and a complexion like peaches and cream. She got a divorce a few years ago from her first husband, Jehiel A. Barnard, who was the secretary of the Indianapolis Board of Trade, and married the Senator. She had been married to Mr. Barnard for over twenty years, and her son is the husband of one of Senator Sherman's nieces. Mr. McDonald was a widower when he married her.

"Jesus Paid my Fare."

"One summer evening ere the sun went down,
When citymen were hastening from the town
To reach their homes some near some far—
By rushing train by omnibus, by car,
To be beyond the reach of city's din—
A street car stopped, a little girl got in;
A cheery looking girl scarce five years old;
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;
But all alone! One scarce could understand,
She held a little bundle in her hand—
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
But which did not some bread and butter hide;
A satin scarf, so ratty and so neat,
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,
And laid her bundle underneath her arm,
And smiling prettily, and yet so calm,
She to a rider said, "May I be here?"
He answered instantly "O, yes my dear;"
And there she seemed inclined to make her stay,
While once again the car went on its way.
The tall conductor, over six feet high,
Now scann'd the travelers with a business eye;
But in that eye was something calm and mild,
That took the notice of the little child.
A little later and the man went round,
And soon was heard the old, familiar sound
Of gathering fares, and clipping tickets too—
The car was full and he had much to do.
"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said
She looked a moment, shook her little head;
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me!"
He looked bewildered—all the people smiled;
"I don't know—and who is Jesus, child?"
"Why don't you know; He once for sinners died,
For little children and for men beside,
To make us good, and wash us from our sin;
Is this His railway that I am travelin?"
"Don't think it is! I want your fare you know."
"I told you Jesus paid it long ago?
My mother told me just before she died
That Jesus paid when he was crucified;
That at The Cross His railway did begin
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin.
My mother said His world was grand and fair.
I want to go and see my mother there—
I want to go to Heaven where Jesus lives;
Won't you go, too? My mother said He gives
A loving welcome—shall we not be late?
O, let us go before He shuts the gate!
He bids us little children come to Him."
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,
He knew not why, he fumbled at his coat,
And felt a substance rising in his throat!
The people listened to the little child;
Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,
And some one whispered, as they looked amazed:
"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."
"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;
"I'm going to Heaven! My mother used to sing
To me of Jesus and His Father's love;
Told me to meet her in His home above;
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,
And looking out I could not father see,
I got my bundle—kissed my little kit,
(I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?)
And got my hat, and then I left my home
A little pilgrim, up to heaven to roam,
And then your carriage stopped, and I could see
You looked so kind! I saw you beckon me;
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train;
And are you just going home to Heaven again?"
The poor conductor only shook his head;
Tears in his eyes, the power of speech had fled.
Had conscience by its prattle roused his fears
And struck upon the fountain of his tears,
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?
At last he said, "Once I had a little girl,
I loved her much; she was my little pet,
And with great fondness I remember yet
How much she loved me. But one day she died."
"She's gone to Heaven!" the little girl replied,
She's gone to Jesus; Jesus paid her fare;
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"
The poor conductor now broke fairly down;
He could have borne the harshest look or frown,
But no one laughed; and many sitting by
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.
"I am so sleepy," said the little one,
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,
And at the gate give just one little knock!
And you'll see Jesus there!" The strong man wept.
I could but think, as from the car I stepped,
How oft a "little one" has found the road,
The narrow pathway to that blessed abode;
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.
"A little child!" The Lord oft uses such
To break or bend the stoutest heart to touch,
Then by His Spirit bids the conflict cease
And once forever enter into peace!
And then along the road the news we bear,
"We're going to Heaven, for Jesus paid our fare!"
Dear friends! this little girl in triumph led
The sad conductor from the vacant bed
Whence his own "sweet one" had forever fled
From home on earth, to home in Heaven instead;
And thus she gained far more than given,
A new home on earth, as from the old was driven,
When her dear mother by death was taken,
And "went before," and thus her child was waken,
So oft it seems by bitter trials pressed,
The Father leads us into matchless bless'd;
By sad afflictions, brings us deep unrest,
That thus, through Jesus, we may find our best.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

MADCAP;

—OR—

THE STORY OF A SIN,

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.

He holds, he holds, and everywhere he holds.

As Mr. Eyre rode through Lovel one morning about a week after his dispatch of a certain letter, a pair of bright bays came whirling past, driven by a lady, who seemed as unconscious of his presence as though he and his horse had been fashioned out of mist.

"Duchess!" he said, not raising his voice as she passed him. But the horses stopped like clockwork, and she looked up, without speaking, at the man who, in his black ridingcloak, showed—

The royal port
And fatal splendor wan,

that in some minds is associated with the idea of Satan himself.

"And so you are back again," he said; "and we're both married since we last met, for I think you and the Duke left immediately for abroad on our coming to settle here; so you've never seen my wife. Supposing you waive ceremony, and come with me to see her now?"

Too firmly held reins suddenly slackened, and the woman who held them looking up, and knowing her master, took the hand extended to her (for Mr. Eyre had already dismounted), and alighting, without a word walked beside him up the winding hill, her breath coming quick and short with the exertion, as though she had been hurried.

Mr. Eyre heard this, and drew her hand through his arm. As he did so, their eyes met.

"You have been missed," he said; "it was time you returned. And you won't find my wife very bright just now; those mutes at my father's funeral frightened her, I think. I've put it down in my will that she's to mourn me in white—if she mourns me at all," he added, with a tone of mockery in his voice that misled her into the belief that, like all the Eyres, he had grown tired of his wife at last.

The Duchess was not bad. A woman who has profoundly loved but one man in her life seldom is; it may be doubted too, if she ever heartily dislikes the man from the violence of whose love or enmity she may have suffered—what she can never be brought to pardon is his indifference, and there was none of the latter in the glance just then bent upon this one by Mr. Eyre.

"We are neighbors," he said, as they neared the house, "and I mean that we shall be friends. Suppose you ask us to stay with you for a few days," he added, pausing abruptly; "I have fifty things to talk over with the Duke—and you," he added, in a lower tone.

"I will ask your wife," she said, recovering her self-possession as she spoke. But Madcap was nowhere to be found, though Mr. Eyre opened four or five doors in search of her. As he opened a sixth, something sprang out from just behind it, and, with a peal of laughter, hung round Mr. Eyre's neck, crying out—

"I'm hiding from my sweethearts; but I heard you coming, and I thought ——" but here, seeing that Mr. Eyre was not alone, she stopped short, and retreated, putting up her hand to a ruffled head, and coloring brilliantly.

And so this was Mr. Eyre's Madcap, thought the Duchess, hardly breathing as she looked at her—this laughing, roundlimbed young romp, whose hair, lips, and eyes laughed equally in the sunshine, with—

All things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn.

Perhaps it was the thought of how this same beauty had detached Mr. Eyre from another, and a very different style, that nerved her to go through the ceremony of introduction with apparent indifference.

"You *stealthed* away, mummy," said a little voice at the window in tones of reproach, and the Duchess looked round to see two miniature copies of the master of the house shyly approaching to hide themselves behind Madcap's white gown.

"Those children would content her if he died to-morrow," thought the Duchess, as she preferred her request, and saw the dismayed look that flashed over Madcap's face, while she twined a hand closer about each little neck.

"Of course she will come," said Mr. Eyre, cutting short Madcap's refusal, and then in some subtle way in which women understand each other, Madcap knew that her husband and this woman had been sweethearts once, and, favored by the infinite possibilities of life might be sweethearts again—the thought made her proud in her attitude to the Duchess, as to Frank, it is so easy for the untempted to assume those honors of virtue that are never really won, till wrested by an effort of supreme courage over the adversary; and in those days Madcap was harsh and unripe in her judgments, as was natural to her youth and inexperience. And perhaps that coldness of hers presaged forth the Duchess's triumph (for courage never doubts itself, or its powers), so that it was with a renewed sense of belief in the Eyre history that the Duchess presently departed, escorted to her pony carriage by Mr. Eyre himself.

"I am glad you are back," he said abruptly, as he wrapped the light rug about her; "and there's that poor fellow Frank Lovel," he added, "you know I always loved him and the talk about him is mere moonshine and you'll help me with the Duke about it?," he added, as he put the reins in her hands and forced her to look at him.

"I will try," she said, speaking firmly, as she thought of her power in the county, "but Colonel Busby has already been to see him."

"Oh, Busby," said Mr. Eyre, laughing. "'That best good man with the worst-tempered muse;' but you'll get the Duke to reserve his judgment till to-morrow. You can influence him, and you will."

"You seem to love Lord Lovel very much," she said, turning her beautiful blonde head away.

"He is an old friend," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly; "and I never forgot old friends—do you?" he added, in a tone that sent the blood to her cheek, and the horses away at a gallop, so that Mr. Eyre got no reply; but did not seem to miss it as he went back in search of his wife.

It was a long hunt, but he found her at last investigating the gooseberry-bushes as if her life depended on the ripening of the berries, the most infallible sign of madcap's being out of sorts, Dody and Doune conspicuous by their absence.

"Has your Duchess gone?" she said, not looking round.

"Yes."

"Why did you not marry her instead of me?"

"Perhaps she preferred being a Duchess to Mrs. Eyre."

"Did you ever ask her?" cried Madcap, turning round with flashing eyes, and stamping her little foot. "Is that the woman for whom Lady Betty said you left me three whole months?"

"I never left you for her or any other woman in my life," said Mr. Eyre. "And could you be jealous?" he added suddenly.

"Try me," she cried. "And you?"

"I could play Othello to your Desdemona with a very good grace."

"And kill me?"

"Ay, why not?"

'Kill what I love,
A savage jealousy that sometimes savors nobly.'

It would be the most natural thing in life to kill you if you dared to love another man better than myself."

He snatched her in his arms—then, as one suddenly remembering, held her more gently, and called himself a brute for making her so pale, and smoothed her hair, and even carried her into the house, but all the same, was inflexible in declaring that she must go with him next day.

"It is for Frank's sake," he said, when he had bade her maid prepare everything, even to shoe-buckles, without plaguing her mistress; and then Madcap had started up out of his arms, crying passionately—

"Frank, Frank, it is always Frank! Am I not only to be degraded by his company at home, but I must do something I hate to serve his interests abroad? You used to be careful enough to keep harm away from me; and I may not go and speak to her though she repents and he does not. He can't be sorry with that color," concluded Madcap, in so aggrieved a tone as to make Mr. Eyre break into a laugh that yet had but little mirth in it.

The Duke received Mr. Eyre warmly on their arrival next day, but this did not detain his guest, who, after a few words with the Duchess, followed Madcap up stairs; and as he clasped her necklace and fastened a flower at her neck, showed such brilliant spirits as succeeded at last in chasing away her own sadness at leaving home.

"What do you think of her?" said the Duchess to her sister-in-law, Lady Sophia, whom, for some reason best known to herself, she had hurriedly asked to meet the Eyres.

"I'll tell you after dinner," said Lady Sophia; but if you want my opinion of them as a pair, it strikes me that *les idées d'une tête à cheveux blondes ne sont pas celles d'une tête blonde.*"

"The description hardly applies to Mr. Eyre," said the Duchess coldly. "I think him now, as always, the handsomest man I ever saw."

Lady Sophia shrugged her shoulders. "He has aged frightfully during the last three months," she said, "and seems to bear Frank Lovel's sins vicariously. I saw the two men side by side in church last Sunday, and wondered how Mrs. Eyre could ever have hesitated between them."

"She never did," said the Duchess, walking to the window and looking out, "that pretty-faced boy could be no rival to such a man as Mr. Eyre."

"Pretty!" cried Lady Sophia indignantly; "he has the most noble, generous, beautiful face in the world, and looks like an angel of light beside Mr. Eyre's blackness——"

"It is to be hoped that Mrs. Eyre does not share your opinion," said the Duchess carelessly, as they parted at the top of the stairs; but all the while Lady Sophia was dressing, she was puzzling her brains as to what story she had heard over half a dozen years ago about her sister-in-law—then Lady Julia Hayes—and Mr. Eyre. It could have been nothing scandalous; she was too carefully guarded for that. Nor could he have dared to use her ill; her birth forbade the idea. But here Lady Sophia cried, for when Mr. Eyre's admiration was aroused, the accident of birth counted for nothing, but the quality and charms he coveted a great deal.

Perhaps Lady Sophia felt that she had been hasty in her pity for Madcap when Mr. Eyre led her in, the only whiteness about her furnished by her neck and arms, and no color anywhere save on her lips and cheeks, and the little chestnut head in whose soft rings the red-gold lurked.

Perhaps, too, as she sat beside the Duke at dinner, bringing unaccustomed smiles to his lips, it occurred to him that there might be an order of beauty that in juxtaposition to that of his wife inevitably vulgarized the latter; and at the same moment Mr. Eyre, glancing at the women who sat at the head of the table, asked himself if it were possible he had ever been attracted by such charms.

"Over-fed," he thought, as his keen eyes rested on the voluptuous beauty of throat, neck, and arms; "she is rapidly approaching the point where material sensations obliterate moral impressions, and is likely to fall a prey to her impulses, whether good or evil."

"She is lovely," said the Duchess, in a low tone later, to Mr. Eyre.

"Is she?" he said, indifferently; then thought of the lines—

This tress and that I touch,
But cannot praise—I love so much.

His host showed great attention to Mr. Eyre throughout the early part of dinner; but on an accidental mention of Frank's name, closed his lips and remained ominously silent through the conversation that followed, though he did not take up the cudgels for Colonel Busby when Mr. Eyre vowed that, like Dryden's Shadwell, the latter never deviated into sense.

"He will win his game, whatever it may be," thought Lady Sophia, as they rose from the table, and Mr. Eyre held the door open for them to pass out, a different man to that of three hours ago—the dark, brilliant face fired with power and spirit, and lit by one of those rare smiles so well worth the wakening. Perhaps in passing, his wife had called it forth, but the Duchess thought differently, and with throbbing heart turned aside to regain her composure, Madcap, with brows pressed against the window-pane, was thinking of the little faithful steps that next morning would go trotting to her door, confident of finding her within—a young child will sob over its mother's absence to-day, but refuse to realize a similar to-morrow—and there were tears in her eyes as she turned to face her host's sister.

"Does he mean to break her heart over my sumptuous sister-in-law?" thought Lady Sophia, indignantly, as she took Madcap's hand, and sat down beside her.

"I want my sweethearts," said Madcap, smiling ruefully; "I have never been away from them before;" and somehow, from that moment, Lady Sophia did not pity Madcap, but loved her as all others did, including Frank. But a conversation with the Duchess was another affair, and the men sitting very late over their wine, Madcap begged to be excused, and went up stairs before they came in.

She had not the heart to say a word about home to Mr. Eyre next morning, he looked so bright and well, had slept soundly, and knew he had regained that confidence in himself that lately had been on the brink of escaping him.

The danger to Frank, and his determination to overcome it, seemed to have called forth his whole force of character; his brain was in full activity, his wits brighter than ever; he was not to be recognized as the worn, constrained man of a week ago.

At breakfast the Duchess remarked carelessly:

"Have you any message to Lord Lovel, Mr. Eyre, as I am writing to him this morning, asking him to come to us for a few days?"

"Thank you, Duke," said Mr. Eyre, warmly; "and you, too, Duchess," he added, turning to her, and rewarding her with a look, "and I'll send a line with yours, if you please;" and then he turned to Madcap, who had colored scarlet, and who had seen his look to the Duchess, and altogether felt a little strange, and as if she wanted Dody's arms round her neck to clear her brain.

"Perhaps he won't come," said Lady Sophia as a horseman set out an hour later on his ten miles' ride to Lovel.

"I *hope* he won't," cried Madcap, vehemently.

"She is in love with him," thought the Duchess, "and is angry because that woman remains in the village. I think I see my way to——" but even in her thoughts she committed herself no further.

But when Frank himself (whom she had not seen for six years) appeared next day, she could not deny that a more charming sinner never won absolution for his sins by his looks, or help feeling (as many others did) that any wrong-doing of his must proceed more from the excess of a generous heart than from the lack of it. To be sure there was no shame in his face, and this might be taken as slightly unbecoming on his part; but that he could look downcast was quickly proved, when, on venturing to offer Madcap his hand, she overlooked it in a courtesy, and walked away. Even the Duke, but lately so implacable against him, felt for his discomfiture, and before he had been in Frank's company five minutes, succumbed to the fascination this young fellow seemed to exercise impartially over every man and woman with whom he came in contact, always excepting the one woman, who had jilted him for his friend.

At dinner, all save Madcap (who thought of Hester) were the brighter for his coming; his youth, his gayety, the delightful tone of his voice in which spoke the noble heart that looked out of his blue eyes, his very unconsciousness of his power to charm, warmed the Duke's heart to him more and more as the evening passed. Later, in the drawing-room, Madcap found herself subjected to an annoyance that she found intolerable. Mr. Eyre was in conversation with the Duchess; Lady Sophia had crossed over to the Duke to propose to him one of those endless family problems that no one has ever been known to solve satisfactorily; and Frank, with a determination that for the moment bereft him of the color Madcap found so unbecoming, dared to approach the window behind whose curtain she stood half hidden.

Was her head drooping rather sadly? Frank thought so, till feeling some one near, she looked up, and then she seemed nearly as tall as herself, and as capable of brushing him from her path as a lily, and indeed had passed him when he said—

"Dody says——"

Madcap stopped, trembling, and her hand stole up to the little mole on her neck. "Have you seen him to-day?" she cried quickly.

"He sent you his dear love, and—other things," said Frank, stopping short; "and this," he added, taking carefully out of his breast-pocket a little packet that had so clearly been tied up by Dody and Doune's fingers, that without a word, Madcap pounced on it, and ran out of the room, without a thought for anything on earth but what was inside that precious paper.

The Duchess, who had been near enough to see the whole thing, glanced at Mr. Eyre, and remarked—

"So much coldness, so much heat, and then a mysterious packet! Are you not jealous?"

Mr. Eyre's reply less concerned Madcap than the woman who addressed him; but even his determination scarcely enabled him to sustain with spirit the part he had marked out for himself, and on which Frank's success depended.

And meanwhile, Madcap had fallen sound asleep with tears on her cheeks, and a half-withered bunch of dog-roses and sweet-brier in her hand.

CHAPTER V.

Like dew on the gowans lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet.

Only Madcap's feet were not flying, for she wore pattens, that clicked cheerfully as she went to and fro over the Dutch tiles of the Duke's model dairy.

It was Molly's dinner-hour," so Madcap had the place all to herself, and might dip her little forefinger into as many pans as she pleased, print a pat of butter without being despised, even give a few good turns to the churn, shutting her eyes to listen to the hollow splashing within, and that brought to her mind the days when she and Frank had tried their 'prentice hands in Lady Betty's dairy at making cheese.

All night she had been dreaming of him and her children, somehow they were so entangled in her mind now; and waking in the silent watches, a clearer perception of his character, and the weight of the temptation beneath which he had fallen, was revealed to her, and she had been eager for the morrow, though when it came, she had not courage to hold out her hand, and force herself within the ken of that slight glance in which he had included her in his morning greetings.

And afterward he had disappeared with the Duke, while the Duchess had carried Mr. Eyre off to her hot-houses; so that madcap, having written a letter to her sweethearts, found herself alone, and wandered out on an expedition that ended in the forsaken dairy.

But presently she grew deaf to the splashing noise in the sense of desertion that filled her heart, and to some one who passed the door, the young shape in Molly's apron that leaned against the churn had a lonely, deserted look, so that he involuntarily made a step forward, as one may toward a child that one sees lost in perplexity or trouble.

He had come quite close to her before she knew his presence, but when she looked up, he saw that in her eyes were tears that perchance had washed away the contempt for him that they usually held. As they stood looking at each other, with quivering lips, in that first trembling moment of reconciliation, perhaps there was danger to the two souls that swayed lightly to each other as two flowers in a summer breeze. They were so young, so bound together by natural tastes and ties, and they loved each other so dearly! and, as Madcap timidly stretched out a little trembling hand, Frank stooped and kissed it, knowing that it had given him back his kingdom. When he had let it go, and they were standing apart, like two children who could make up their quarrel but were too shamefaced to speak of it, she said, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, "I have been very wicked—I could not forgive you; but perhaps God has. And it was not for me to judge you; you are better than I am."

She had moved a little aside, as one who wishes no reply, and stood looking down on a dish of curds and whey, a faint smile of memory that struggled with tears crossing her lips.

"Do you remember how I used to make you steal Lady Betty's curds and whey, and how I always ate my own share and yours too?" she said.

"Those were happy days," he replied, sadly.

"But there is no Lady Betty to make us miserable now," cried Madcap; "and we will have happier ones yet!"

But Frank shook his head; he knew that no such happiness was possible—out of Arcadia. It is so easy for love, with both its hands full, to dictate to friendship, but the friend who wants a little love, not liking to his share, is apt to look bitterly on his own side of the bargain.

"We are older now," he said at last, and Madcap laid down her wooden spoon, and turned to look at him with a kind of wonder, that grew in her eyes as for the first time she recognized the lines of sufferin; and care that the last month had wrought in his features.

"Are we so old?" she said, wistfully, as one suddenly alive to the value of something that is escaping him.

"Love is never old," he said, not looking at her, "and you have that in plenty; it is only the unloved who grow old."

Looking up, Madcap somehow thought of his mother, and of how she would have loved him. Perhaps her own motherhood bridged over the nearness of their years, as stepping forward and taking his hand in both her own, she said:

"But we all love you, and there are others to love you, too," she added—then shrank away like a child who has set its careless fingers on a half-healed wound. If there was a bitter tension about his lips as he turned and looked at her, as he realized with what grace a woman will offer her basket of scraps to a starving soul, while hard by, a man will, unobserved, have laid down his last gold coin without a word there was no bitterness in his eyes as he said:

"And I love you all, Madcap."

"Dody loves you," she said softly, and put up her hand to the sweet-brier, that sent out a faded whiff of sweetness, as if it reminded her of the hand that had brought it.

"Yes," said Frank, walking away to the open window; "and he is taken great care of—did you see the marks of his kisses on the paper? And I think his fingers left some smudges too. I told him that you were coming back soon, and he began at once to pick a nosegay to put on your table. He thought soon must mean to-morrow."

"I have never been away from him in all his life before," said Madcap, the slow tears gathering in her eyes, "and ——"

"Don't cry," implored Frank, distractedly; "it will make you ill—and what will Mr. Eyre say?"

"Mr. Eyre will say nothing," she said, balancing herself on her pattens with suddenly recovered dignity, "he is with the Duchess. Did it ever strike you," she added, as the impulses of her youth toward Frank recurred, "that Mr. Eyre knew anything about *flirting*?"

Frank, considering Madcap, thought that she must have had some knowledge of the art to keep Mr. Eyre for six years tied to her apron-string, but said, "She is his hostess—he cannot be rude to her."

"A pretty pair," said a low but audible voice in the doorway behind them.

At the sound of it Madcap's mood changed; without turning, she said: "Would you like some curds and whey, Frank?" and gravely filled the wooden spoon and held it out to him.

"Quite an idyl!" said the Duchess, entering just as Frank, fed by Madcap, swallowed a liberal mouthful, but could not even be made to look ridiculous by the absurdity of the situation.

"Quite," said Madcap indifferently; "would you like some more?" she added, looking at the young man with a smile.

"To be sure," said Frank, who hated curds and whey, but would have eaten any abomination she might please to offer him.

"Madcap," said Mr. Eyre's stern voice at a distance, "you will fall off your pattens—what madness!"

"Frank is looking after me," said Madcap, waving her empty spoon airily; "go and look after the Duchess. Don't let her wear pattens; she's too tall and too—plump," she added, looking at her hostess gravely from head to foot; "but I think you may take off mine now, Frank;" and Mr. Eyre's last glimpse of his wife as he turned away, was with Frank kneeling before her, carefully unfastening their straps.

"You are jealous," said the Duchess to Mr. Eyre, as he walked beside her over the velvet turf to the house.

"Not I; but I was thinking"—he paused and looked at her with a glance beneath which she trembled—"what a pity you and I did not marry after all, and leave that young pair yonder to be as happy as two children together; and perhaps now you understand better why she is called Madcap."

CHAPTER VI.

To act is so easy, to think is so hard.

When Mr. Eyre had told his wife that he must propitiate the Duchess for Frank's sake, and Madcap had shrunk from this first glimpse of the unscrupulousness of his character, he had not taken into account the danger of playing at pitch-and-toss with a human heart, and before long found himself committed to very different issues to those he had intended. A child may kindle a great fire, but fifty grown men cannot stay it; and before Mr. Eyre had been at the White Lodge three days he knew that even for Frank's sake he ought not to have gone there.

The smallness of the party, the isolation of a great house at a time of year when all associates of the master and mistress in the county were absent, while unprivileged visitors found themselves rigidly excluded, conspired to throw the young couple and the older one so constantly together that gradually Madcap's shyness with Frank ceased, and she could talk to him almost as naturally as in the days when they were boy and girl together. But to Frank, who could not be expected to know Mr. Eyre's character as well as Mr. Eyre knew it himself, the situation was dangerous and full of anxiety. He had ceased to count Madcap's husband a strong man, regarding his attitude to Hester as alike bigoted and indefensible, and dreading some fresh weakness by which his wife's happiness might be endangered; though she, fed in secret by a more passionate devotion than ever, would not stoop to be jealous of the Duchess, and was never sad save when she thought of her children. But when she gathered that there was not a trait of beauty and sweetness about Dody that Frank had not observed, he and she were so drawn together that thenceforward there was no lack of discourse between them.

And on the fourth day, when Frank was riding to Lovel (meaning to return the same day), Madcap, who had come out to see him depart, said, very truly, that she would have liked to go with him on a pillion, so that all the way he seemed to feel her two little hands clasped below his heart, and her bright head leaning in safety against his shoulder.

She knew that the business on which he had excused himself to the Duchess was to visit a certain nursery, and deliver and receive important messages; and it was to receive these latter that she was very early dressed for dinner, and watching from the billiard-room window for his return, ready to run out the moment she heard his horse's steps.

But it happened that his arrival was simultaneous with that of a new guest—a gossip of the highest quality—who saw the greeting between the two young people, and, supposing them husband and wife, thought such warmth vastly ill-bred. She had better hopes of them later, especially when she discovered the young man to be that identical "nettle for nice noses" whose wrong-doings just now furnished the last new dish of scandal for the county.

She thought he must be either a fool of extraordinary simplicity, or a man of brilliant courage, to select the wife of an Eyre as his next fancy; and at dinner became so fascinated in her study of the pair, that the attitude of matters between Mr. Eyre and the Duchess for the time absolutely escaped her attention.

"My dear Duchess," she said, in the drawing-room later, "I wonder you permit such open love-making between Lord Lovel and Mrs. Eyre."

"Oh, they are old friends," said the Duchess, "and sweethearts," she added a little bitterly, for she was beginning to suspect Madcap's charms of being more binding on Mr. Eyre than her own.

They met like lovers," said Mrs. Transome, shrugging her shoulders; "and she has gone into the garden. See if he does not join her."

The Duchess's heart beat, as she thought that if these two young people were abroad there would be an excuse for herself and Mr. Eyre to follow them; and Mrs. Transome, taking the place of Lady Sophia (who had left that day), could play backgammon with the Duke.

And, indeed, when Frank appeared, he only gave one hasty look round, and disappeared through the open window into the soft darkness beyond. In the garden nothing was visible, when his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, save some pale cuckoo-colored masses of bloom, that drew him nearer by their penetrating sweetness, and over which for one brief moment he bent, not knowing them for the stocks; that by day in their pinched, starveling ugliness, had offended the eye of the gazer.

When Frank had almost given up his search, the whiteness of her neck showed her to him, as she stood beside a bush of the large evening primroses—that curious flower which resists the sun's magic, closing itself firmly at his approach, but opening out her sweetness to the evening dews with a sudden leap, a quiver that well may startle the bee-moth that has fallen asleep in her breast.

"Hush!" said Madcap, feeling rather than knowing, that Frank stood beside her; "if you speak loud they will not unfold. I have been watching them, and thinking of Keats's lines."

They stood for a while without speaking by the opening flowers that seemed to bring with them their own light, while the night wind blew to them, now and again, a little intense whiff from the distant stocks; then she said—

"Do they miss me? Were they in the nursery, or picking a nosegay, thinking I should come back to-morrow?"

"I found them in the copse," he said, with a little pause before he spoke; "they were quite happy. But, when they saw me they ran up, clamoring to know if you had come back."

"And what did you say?" said Madcap, stooping over a cluster of stars fast fading in their masses of heavy foliage.

"That you would not be long now; but that did not satisfy Dody—he clung round her neck and asked if soon meant to-day?"

"Round whose neck?" said Madcap, jealously; "he never cared for Josephine——"

"It was not Josephine," said Frank, his voice sounding as though he were moving away and had left her all alone.

For the garden was almost in darkness now—the night had taken its revenge and extinguished those colors that flamed most vividly by day—scarlets, blues, and pinks were now but black shadows, and only the ghosts of the evening primroses gave a vague suspicion of their presence.

"Was it—was it *Hester*?" said Madcap in a whisper, that barely expected a response.

"Yes," replied a voice but a little way off; "her heart is bound up in him—she lives but in his life, and she watches over him in your absence as only you could do—but she does not usurp your place."

For awhile there was silence, and his whole soul yearned to her, knowing that she was weeping; then she said—

"There are things that even God does not meddle with: like the growing seed, or hindering a human soul to become good in its own way; and she is good." Her hand stole out to his in the darkness, and so in mute accord they moved toward the light, consecrated to each other, he by his sacrifice for her, she by her old love for him, and new passionate desire for his repentance.

"They have the faces of angels," said Mrs. Transome in a low voice to the Duke, as the two entered; "but even angels may trip and fall sometimes, and nobody ought to know that better than—Satan."

She nodded toward Mr. Eyre as she spoke, who looked singularly old and haggard in contrast with the two beautiful young people; and as if her thought had reached him, Mr. Eyre suddenly looked at himself in a mirror opposite, then at the two—and a curious idea took possession of his mind.

CHAPTER VII.

Such a getting up stairs was never seen.

That evening was the last in which Mr. Eyre and the Duchess, his wife and Frank, were virtually alone; for within three days the house was filled with those persons that Mr. Eyre had prompted the Duchess to invite, flavored by a sprinkling of brighter wits from town—these latter expressly born (as the county magnates supposed) to teach solid men the inestimable value of their own slow understandings.

There was scarcely a man there who had not known and loved Frank's father, and gradually he made his way with each; for the wives' judgments were always in his favor, and on all sides the verdict that he had been more unfortunate than sinning was returned.

And indeed, to the women, Frank was the central figure of the house, as Madcap, unconsciously to herself, was to the men, producing an unexpected effect on their minds, and almost inclining them to the belief that as human beings are divided into three classes—men, women, and Herveys—so there might be a fourth class, of which Madcap was a representative.

She had no taste for flirtation—perhaps she was a total abstainer from birth, having loved but once, and once only, and so escaped any dregs of the poison that might be lingering in her system; and when certain county Lovelaces, presuming on Mr. Eyre's undisguised flirtation with the Duchess, offered their thinly veiled admiration, something that was neither woman nor child flashed out of her eyes and checked them.

For men are but what women make them, as in their turn they imprint their features, whether base or noble, on what they deal with, and the mere recognition of a pure woman will shed an influence in ever-widening circles upon the souls of men who have painfully taught themselves that no such creatures exists. But the wives, who quickly fathomed Frank's attitude toward her, said that it was easy for a woman secretly so adored, to decline ordinary flirtations; there was a general conviction too that Mr. Eyre was amusing the Duchess rather than himself, being too finished a man of the world to display in public his profound affection of his wife. And meanwhile Madcap tired of it all, and longed for a sight of her children, of whom she had not received so much as a message for two whole days. Frank's position was now established, and why would not Mr. Eyre take her away? She did not know that each hour, however little spent to his liking, was a breathing space to him before the struggle that must commence on his return to Lovel; that here he felt himself independent as his fellow men, there he was a slave fast chained and bound by the weight of those sins from which it was beyond the power of either God or man to loose him now.

He felt as a criminal who, with sentence of death upon him, is permitted to wander, for a brief season, whereso-ever he wills; or as a boy who, playing truant, forgets the unlearned lesson that will stare him in the face when to-morrow he returns unwillingly to school! And though he felt and knew Madcap a little estranged from him (for while sure of his love, the touch of unscrupulousness she had discovered in his character had sunk him in her estimation, and it was less as disciple, than judge, that her clear eyes now and again met his), yet he would not hurry himself to please her, and she must go hungry for a sight of her darlings, for he knew that if he once took her over to see them, it would be beyond his power to persuade her back again to the White House.

But when the Eyres had been about ten days there, it happened one morning, for some reason inscrutable to muddleaged minds, that two young people chose to get up very early, though naturally the woman was first in the field; she had even time to wash her face in the dew before she chanced upon the humble cause of the disasters of that fatal day—the *Deus ex machina* in this case being an ass, who had no idea of any higher destiny than to carry the gardener's wife once a week to market, where she disposed (independently of her husband) of such green-stuffs as she had herself filched during the week from his Grace's kitchen-garden.

Being in a certain sort contraband, like the wares he occupied an out-house, into which, by mere chance, Madcap happened to look; and being struck by a wakefulness in his glance that hinted at an older acquaintance with the dawn than her own, she approached him with a carrot that Providence had placed just beyond his reach, and so established a bond of sympathy between herself and him.

She regarded him affectionately while he ate it; thinking of those long-distant jaunts in which she and Frank had been used to indulge. Somehow she seemed to be always looking back now, not forward; and daily as her staid ways were vanishing in the delightfully youthful influence that Frank had brought into her life.

Glancing round, her eyes fell on an old side-saddle, with bit and bridle beside it; and almost before any definite idea had formed itself in her mind, she had picked the saddle up, and laid it across the ass.

He took the proceeding quite naturally, and when she had saddled and bridled him, walked of his own accord to a block of wood at a little distance, upon which she might mount, and so reach his back. This she did, and rode out of the doorway, with a pleasant sense of going no-whither, yet with a chance of adventure that warmed her young blood, and made her think with fine pity of the souls she had left sunk deep in slumber behind the shuttered windows of the house yonder.

Now the ass was accustomed to follow one invariable path, which led by cross cuts and unexpected lanes to the market town of Marmiton, so that presently Madcap, who had abandoned herself to his will, found herself jogging along in a direction that seemed familiar to her; and all at once, with a thrill of delight, perceived that she was on her slow way to Lovel.

It had been the longing to see Dody and Doune that had kept her wake half the night, and brought her out so early, now a flash of inspiration flashed into her eyes—why should she not go to them? The ass plodded determinedly on; relieved of that dread of being expected to trot, which is the distinguishing characteristic of his race, he was honestly bent on reaching Marmiton in good time, and if he had known of a Providence, would have thanked it for the unusual lightness of the burden on his back.

So Madcap, not without some backward thought of Mr. Eyre, but with a vague feeling that the ass was more to blame than herself, ambled along between the fresh hedgerows, realizing that Nature in undress far out-matches in charms Nature equipped at all points for conquest—felt that the first wan cloud in the sky, the first sharp scent in the air, the first sound (almost harsh in the intense, pure air) of life in the hedge, struck chords in her soul that more closely touched pain than pleasure. It is when the breath of God has faded from the morning, when we only see it in its dimmed purity and silence that we are able to regard it as a mere accidental arrangement of form and color, only made beautiful by our own perceptions.

For the first two miles, Madcap scarcely thought of her children, and not at all of herself—she was tasting one of those new experiences to which youth lends itself so graciously; but in the third mile something set her off laughing, and after that she was just herself though rather tired, for the saddle was hard, and the too-willing jog, jog of the ass set up a running accompaniment of bumps that made her long to descend, though doubts as to how she was to get up again, kept her in her seat. She was growing hungry, too, and had not passed a single farm-house, or met so much as a cowherd, and when her attitude in the saddle was becoming a somewhat bowed one, perhaps she was not sorry to hear in the distance a sound as of human approach. But suddenly the pangs of hunger receded, and a sense of fun and frolic seated her firmly, while with one hand she drew over her head and face the white hood that hung on her shoulders, for she felt that this swift, nervous tread was no yokel's, but that of a man as bent on enterprise as herself, and she drew her hood closer, smiling in her sleeve at the thought of how Mr. Eyre, wakening, had set out in hot pursuit intending to bring her back.

She felt the footsteps approach, then slacken beside her, but keeping her face to the hedgerow consoled herself by thinking that one woman's white gown is so like another; and there was not an inch of countenance visible to which even a husband might swear.

But a pair of feet may sometimes have a distinct physiognomy of their own, and those slender ones of Madcap, high and dry on the ass's side, struck the beholder with a sense of familiarity that arrested his steps, and sent his keen glance over the lines of her shape, and the little ungloved hand that held the reins.

"Can you tell me the way to Lovel?" he said, respecting her evident wish not to be observed, yet convinced that this was Madcap, and Madcap bent on serious mischief, since she would not take even him into her confidence.

She gave a slight start, for the voice was different to what she had expected; but this was no more than natural in a young woman who found herself addressed by a stranger; and the slight trembling in her body afterward might well have been indignation, and not laughter at his expense.

But she did not reply, and Lord Lovel waited.

"What a persistent young man," she thought, as he kept step with the ass, "no doubt he thinks I am some pretty young woman that he may as well amuse himself with; and I thought he never flirted, except seriously," she added, thinking of Hester.

She did not know that he suspected her identity, but guessed that if he did, he would persuade her to turn back, and this she was resolute not to do; so that between her obstinacy and his patience they ambled on for full half a mile without a syllable, till Frank, quite certain of her now, but growing uneasy at her silence, tried to take the hand that held the hood so closely together, and for his pains got a sudden, sound, stinging box on the ear.

Perhaps the shock of it momentarily took away his sight, at any rate he got no glimpse of the features of his assailant, who returned to the study of her hedgerow with fresh satisfaction, feeling sure that she had now left her unwelcome escort no alternative but to withdraw.

"Madcap," he said reproachfully, "where are you going, and why won't you speak to me?"

She began to reflect that they were now more than half way to Lovel, and that he could not hinder her much.

"Were you going to fetch me news of Dody?" she said, turning a young face full of relenting over her shoulder. "Well, I'm going to fetch some myself, and you can go back and tell Mr. Eyre!"

"Then he does not know!" exclaimed Frank.

"Are middle-aged people ever wakened up by the sun shining in on them?" she said inconsequently; then colored vividly, and added—

"If they will let me go—my sweethearts, I mean—perhaps I'll be back to-night in time for dinner!"

But Frank, alive to the fact that he was unexpectedly placed on guard, and must not lose sight of her till she was safe in her husband's hands, was too perplexed to reply. If he turned back immediately, he could hardly arouse Mr. Eyre and bring him on before Madcap should have reached home, where ill luck might possibly contrive that meeting with Hester which Mr. Eyre dreaded; but as he elected to go forward with her, he knew that scandal would follow at their heels.

"Madcap!" he said desperately, "won't you come back with me, and your husband and I will take you home this very morning, to stay at home or not, just as you like? It is not suitable that you should return in this way, or—or polite to the Duchess," he added.

"Oh, she will be happy enough with Mr. Eyre," said Madcap, turning her head aside.

"Madcap!" he cried, "you cannot be so foolish as to be jealous of her?"

Madcap hung her head a moment, then looked round with a little smile hovering about her lips—pretended jealousy always ends in mirth, as real jealousy in tears.

"Have you been pitying me, too?" she said. "You need not, for if I had only a crust of bread, and a drink of milk, I should be the happiest woman on earth at this moment!"

"I will see you both, Madcap," he said, "if you will let me take you to a farm-house, and leave you there while I go back for Mr. Eyre."

"Did ever you play truant, Franky?" she said, considering him gravely; "and just as you were beginning to enjoy yourself, did you run back to your schoolmaster? I wonder people don't give their balls and have their junketings early in the morning, when they are fresh, and feeling and looking their very best," she added, meditatively, as she sniffed at a flower here and plucked a blossom there; "and if one took a cow—look!" she cried, suddenly, "there is one coming;" and to Frank's delight, he perceived that behind the animal there walked a woman.

She was rather a promising specimen of her class, and when Frank begged a draught of milk for Madcap, she sat down without more ado and sent the milk foaming into the pail, then lifted her stout arm and contrived that Madcap should drink it; so that Frank, who dropped behind, imagined that he was not missed.

But when Madcap had thanked the woman and moved on, she turned her face to the hedgerow and smiled, for being less hungry, her spirits were now returning.

"Frank," she said, when a little out of breath with running he overtook her, "I'm going to pick you a nosegay, but you mustn't look round, and you're to walk straight on and not turn your head once."

Misled by the innocence of her tone, he promised, and walked ahead, whereupon she slipped nimbly off the ass, and ran noiselessly over the grass to where, in a bend of the road, she saw the milkmaid standing, looking down at something she held in her hand, and talking to herself aloud:

"The bit of gold 'll buy me a new rigout for the fair," she muttered, "and I'll beat Sukey yet, and p'r'aps Garge'll fancy me now, and all for just taking a bit of a letter up to Bis Grass'a!"

Madcap pounced on the scrap of paper like a swallow who takes his sip of water flying, then with her slender fingers closed the astonished woman's red hand over the gold, and ran back to the ass, who waited where she had left him; while Frank, honorably disappearing, had not once turned his head round, if the back of it might be trusted to speak the truth.

"It is pleasanter walking," she said, when she called him back, and he accepted unsuspiciously the apology for a buttonhole she gave him, and for a mile he led the ass happily enough, while she walked beside him, and they talked of everything but the subject nearest to the hearts of both—Hester.

But at the cross-roads the ass created an unexpected diversion by refusing to budge save in the direction of Marmiton, so that the contest ended in Frank's lifting the animal bodily and carrying him a good step down the road to Lovel, along which he presently jogged, a sadder if not a wiser beast.

But when, in the distance, Madcap saw the morning sun shining on her home, she was in such haste to be there that, having mounted her steed, she felt each step a weariness till they reached the village, which was already awake, and hurrying to its doors to see the young mistress riding by in a white gown and garden hat, on a donkey, with young Lord Lovel to hold its bridle, and not a sign of Mr. Eyre visible either before or behind.

Never was there a more unsuspected elopement, never a sedater home-coming, than this famous one, which was destined to set the county in a blaze of controversy, and give birth, in time, to a tragedy that froze all hearts.

But Madcap had no foreboding as she ascended the hill; her whole soul was on stretch to get to the children, and her face (pale now from fatigue) became radiant as, alighting, they crossed the courtyard and heard Dody's voice above.

"They are awake," she cried, and ran up the stairs as quick as light, and with a lovely look at Frank, placed her finger on her lips, and, softly opening the inner door, looked in.

He wondered what made her stop short, and press both hands to her heart, and, on approaching, thought the scene within as home-like and peaceful as heart could wish; and was vaguely reminded or some exquisite picture that he had seen of the Virgin Mother and her child; for Hester sat in the embrasure of the window, with Dody half dressed on her knee, and as she fitted a sock to his foot, stooped to kiss the little rounded limb, at which he laughed, and twined his hand in her beautiful hair; but, with a bitter sense of being supplanted, Madcap ran forward, all the jealousy of her heart crying out in her as she uttered his name; nor, when he struggled out of Hester's arms, and ran to her in a ecstasy of love, could she suffered her own joy to overflow in a look or word of kindness to the poor outcast who stood trembling beyond, realizing that she had been but a pretended to the inheritance to which the rightful heir had come.

For one yearning moment Hester looked at Madcap, then slowly, without a glance at Dody or at Frank, turned away; and so the opportunity that both had so long desired, passed, and the moment that might have made faithful to each other these two gradually estranged, noble hearts, went by forever.

"Why did you not speak to her?" said Frank, reproachfully, as the door closed on Hester.

But Madcap, overworn, untrue to her own self, as much, perhaps, through weakness as from ignoble jealousy, had fallen forward in a dead faint, with her arms round Dody's neck.

[*To be Continued.*]

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

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A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

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Will dispose of all or part to suit purchasers, or will sell stock of merchandise and rent land and buildings. For further particulars inquire of John W. Cassingham, Coshocton, O., or address the undersigned at Wills Creek, Ohio. D. G. COOPER.

Jan26-8w.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

Notice of Assignment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of James L. Smith and William A. Smith partners in trade, under the firm name of James L. Smith & Son. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly authenticated to the undersigned for allowance.

January 1st, 1884 JAMES LE RETILLEY, Assignee.

Jan5-3w

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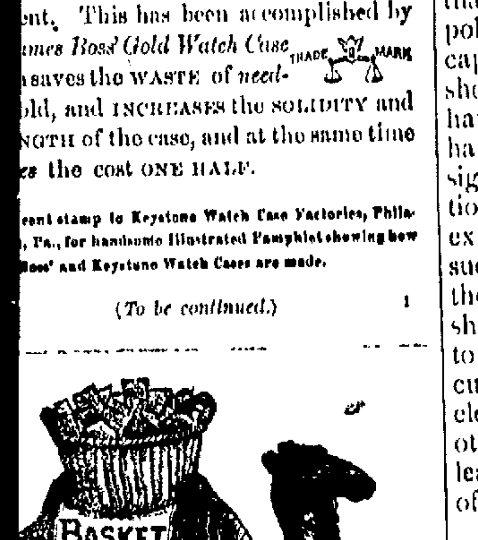
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JOHN F. HAMILTON.

The Cannon Ball Line.

Several railroads are seeking admission to Wheeling, and the city council are discussing the various propositions with the aim of deciding what shall be done towards granting the right of way. Mr. A. B. Paul has written the council concerning the admission of the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling, and says:

"Some months ago a correspondence was opened with your honorable body in regard to granting equal franchises with other roads entering or desiring to enter your city, by myself, in behalf of the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling, Ry.

Owing to matters connected with the State of Ohio in regard to securing of certain franchises, viz: the right to use the Walhonding canal towing path, a distance of some 20 miles, between Mt. Vernon and Coshocton, after months, over which we had no control, we have finally secured the grant in fee simple, the State reserving protection for certain water power privileges, for which the company has filed and the State has accepted the necessary bond.

We now ask and petition your honorable body for equal rights and privileges with other roads built or projected to the corporation limits of your city to share in the business of the manufacturing and other interests of the city. While we desire an independent line, we are fully aware of certain physical difficulties in the way of securing an independent line; we fully believe the latter can be secured over the eastern portion of the Wheeling & Lake Erie on fair and equitable terms.

Trusting to the careful scrutiny heretofore displayed by the Council in protecting the manufacturing and business interests of the city, we think that upon an impartial and thorough investigation into the plans and purposes of the parties connected with this enterprise, together with other roads that are now built within only a few miles of you on the Ohio side, you will find that while what may have heretofore seemed myths, or railroads on paper, have crystalized, and while we do not want to be considered egotistical, we wish only to refer to the past history of Wheeling to prove the future.

Wheeling was left on a switch, because the Central Ohio was located to Bellaire instead of Wheeling. Is there not absolutely the same danger now? The Wheeling & Lake Erie has already been switched off to Marietta and with it the Valley Railway from Cleveland. The only way to secure what has been lost is to aid and encourage the roads now asking admission.

Yours Respectfully,
A. B. PAUL.

NEURALGIA is cured by opening the outlet of the system by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

A Level Headed View

From the Pittsburg Dispatch (Ind. Rep.)

Senator Sherman's resolution for an inquiry into the political murders in Virginia and Mississippi passed the Senate yesterday by a strict party vote. Both parties evinced their usual partizan blindness in the matter. There is little question as to the fact that the killing was political; but the policy of the Republicans to make capital out of such matter was long ago shown to be futile. On the other hand, the Democratic Senators could have robbed the matter of all political significance by supporting the resolution and declaring their readiness to expose and aid in the prevention of such crimes. The determination of the Republicans to take the bloody shirt line, and that of the Democrats to allow no inquiry into the Southern custom of killing a few negroes on election day for the instruction of the others, indicates that neither party has learned that the old issues are things of the past.

ONE of the strongest appeals for abolition of the liquor traffic is Canon Farrar's address, delivered November 19, in Westminster Abbey, London, before the church of England Temperance Society. It is eloquent with facts. It states that the direct expenditure in England for intoxicating drinks is $65,000,000 a year, and the indirect expenses rendered necessary by drunkenness foot up $5,000,0000 more. The number of total abstainers in the nation, not counting the 20,000 convicts not allowed grog, are some 5,000,000. Alluding to the holiday season, then next at hand, he says:

"For twopence you can purchase the records of offences which drink caused for those two weeks in 1882 in England only. It fills a large double columned pamphlet of thirty-six pages of what—in this our England in Christmas week? Thirty-six pages of stabbing, cutting, wounding, and brutal assaults on men and women and children, and public peril, accident, and deaths, sudden, violent, and preventable, of homicide, of parricide, of matricide, of infanticide, and of suicide in every form. In four hours in one evening in one city 36,803 women were seen going into public houses, and the result form a tradegy so squalid and so deadly as to sicken the heart like the impression of a nightmare, the very memory of which we loathe."

IN the Hop Plaster are united Fresh Hops, Gums and Balsams, and its power is wonderful in curing Back Ache, Sprains, bruises, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side or Soreness anywhere. Thousands testify to this.

HER LAST BALL.

"Then you will not consent to go to the ball with me, Burton?"

Burton Conway's face was very grave and anxious.

"I cannot go, Stella. My business is so pressing, it is necessary that I run down to St. Louis this morning! My little wife, can you not give up this ball; and remain at home? This gaiety is becoming too important a part of your existence, Stella! Do stay at home to-night, for my sake, dear; it is that business of Ellingham's that calls me away, and I cannot return before to-morrow morning. Listen, Stella. To-night will decide whether I am to be rich or a beggar. For I have risked, perhaps foolishly, our entire fortune in a speculation, which will either make me millionaire or a pauper, and to-night I shall know whether I fail or succeed!"

"And if you lose everything," pouted Stella, "then I'm sure I'll never receive another invitation like this! And my dress is lovely, white lace and diamonds; Sister Minnie's diamonds, of course, for you know I have none of my own!"

"Give up going to Mrs. Barclay's ball," pleaded her husband, "and if my venture succeeds, and my expectations are realised, you shall have a set of diamonds of your own, the very finest I can purchase."

And Burton Conway stooped his handsome head and kissed his wife's red lips. There was a grieved look upon her pretty face, for Stella Conway was a spoiled child who had never had a wish crossed; and she had set her heart upon this ball, which the rich and aristocratic Mrs. Barclay was to give at her palace home.

Stella's vain little heart was full of the anticipated pleasure. She had thought of little else, and talked and even dreamed of the coming festivities; and now on the very morning of the eventful day to be disappointed in this fashion, it was altogether too bad; for she had never attended any place of amusement unaccompanied by her husband; and to know that he must be absent from the city was equivalent to saying that all was over in regard to the ball.

"It is just too provoking!" pouted the pretty young wife; she was a rosy blonde, dainty and dimpled; "too awfully provoking that Burt must start off upon this particular day, when I'm quite sure another will do just as well. Business! How I hate the very word! And suppose," she caught her breath with a pang of terror at the very thought, "suppose we do lose our fortune? It is small, but all we have to depend upon save Burton's law business; why, then, I'll never have a chance to go to Mrs. Barclay's, for she's so rich and exclusive, she would never invite us if we were poor."

Burton Conway was putting on his hat and overcoat. He came to her side now, and took her in his arms.

"Good-bye, darling," he whispered fondly. "God grant that I may return successful! Pray for me, little wife," he added, as he kissed her tenderly again and again. She did not return his kisses, but stood, hurt and cold, her face half averted.

"Good-bye, darling," he repeated, and then he was gone.

Ah, had Stella Conway dreamed of what was coming she would never have let him go away without kisses and fond farewell words, and assurance of affection. And she knew not that the hour was drawing nigh when she would have bartered her whole existence for one of those loving kisses.

Once alone, Stella sank upon a sofa, and hiding her face among the cushions, burst into tears.

"I'll never forgive him!" she panted angrily. "He might have postponed this trip—I know it! Should our fortune really be gone, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has cheated me out of my last amusement, and I will never pardon him for it—never."

While she was indulging in her grief, the door-bell rang, and the servant ushered in a fine-looking, showily dressed lady, Stella's particular friend, Mrs. Thompson—a giddy woman, but not wilfully injudicious.

"Crying—I do believe!" she exclaimed. "Why, Stella, what is the matter?"

"I can't—go—to—the—ball—to-night, Maria," faltered Stella through her tears.

"Not go? You are crazy, child! Why, your dress is ready; and Minnie sent her diamonds in my care."

And she produced a small casket, and proceeded to open it. The spectacle of the jewels upon their white velvet bed brought the tears afresh to Stella's eyes. She wanted to go—oh, how she wanted to go! Never before, in all her life, had any pleasure seemed so desirable. She thought of her beautiful costume, and sighed plaintively as she repeated to her sympathising but thoughtless friend the whole story.

"It's just too horrid!" stormed Mrs. Thompson; "and I say you shall go! Listen, Stella. Your husband did not think of us, or he would have consented to let you go in care of Mr. Thompson and myself. There can be no harm, dear. We will call for you in our carriage to-night; and, Stella, if Mr. Conway says anything, or is at all displeased, leave him to me. I know how to manage him. You will come, Stella? I shall be so disappointed if you refuse."

And she pleaded so eagerly that at last she brought the young wife over to her way of thinking; and the result of the interview was, that the Thompsons' carriage stopped for Stella that night, and, looking like a picture in her rich dress, she drove away with her friends to Mrs. Barclay's.

It was a scene from fairy-land. For two hours Stella moved about in a maze of delight. She danced, and promenaded, and sang, and was quite the star of the evening; and all the while, undreamed of by herself, the black clouds were gathering over her young head.

Once or twice the thought occurred to her:

"Burton knows by this time whether his speculation has succeeded or failed—whether we are to be very rich or beggars. But," and the red lips compressed themselves firmly, and a strange light came into the pansy-blue eyes, "if we are to be beggars, at least I shall have the delightful memory of this, my last ball!"

Poor child, it was indeed her last ball! About midnight some one entered the crowded ball-room in wild haste and an eager voice asked, anxiously for Mrs. Conway. Old Dr. Dent, the family physician of the Conways, came to Stella's side, pale and agitated.

"You must come home, Mrs. Conway," he said, and Stella thought that she had never heard him speak so sternly. "I—I—have bad news for you."

She faced him with a wild cry. Something told her the truth.

"My husband?" she panted.

"Yes, your husband, (pardon me, madam, if I seem brutal, but I must be brief), is dying. It seems that he finished his business in St. Louis immediately, for he found on his arrival there that his grand speculation had succeeded, and he was a millionaire. He decided to return home at once, that he might attend you to this ball; so he got on board the lightning express—which reaches her at 8 p. m., madam—there was a collision, and—and—he is at your home waiting for you."

Half an hour later she stood by his side. Waiting—ah yes, but the meeting would not be here, for Burton Conway was dead. And (pitiful sight to the heart-broken wife!) one cold hand grasped a velvet casket containing a magnificent set of diamonds.

He had died alone, while she, in the midst of a scene of revelry, had missed his dying words! Ah, she would have laid her life down gladly to have looked into his eyes once more, and have heard him say, "I forgive you, little wife!" But regrets were useless—it was too late!

A fortune was hers; he had willed it for her and placed it all in her name; she had, too, the coveted diamonds—but oh, how happy she would have been in a cabin with him who lay there before her with death's mysterious seal upon his brow.

One year later beautiful Stella Conway was placed in an insane asylum, a hopeless maniac, raving continually of diamonds and blood-money, and calling herself the murderess of her husband.

Eating Lemons.

A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice is how to use them so they will do the most good, as follows: Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least a half hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly, says a medical authority.

Small Feet in Washington.

For some years the wife of the Hon. E. B. Washburn, afterward American minister at Paris, was regarded as the possessor of the best shaped foot in Washington, says Ben. Perley Poore in his "Reminiscences." Then came Mrs. Grant, who carried off the palm victoriously and wore No. 1's comfortably. Mrs. Belknap's foot has often been referred to as a model of beauty, and as being remarkably small for a woman of her form; and Mrs. Architect Mullett, who is quite petite in form, only requires a No. 12, misses' size; and Mme. Berghmann-Lawton, who is of medium height, wears a No. 12 1-2, misses' size. She has her foot-gear made at Brussels, and her shoemaker wrote her just before the Philadelphia centennial asking her permission to make some shoes on her last for exhibition, as he regarded her foot as not only the smallest possessed by any of his customers, but as the most perfectly proportioned he had ever measured.

Ladies' Lips.

"At all gatherings in the city the most startling thing to one of the masculine gender," said a visitor to St. Louis, "is the appearance of the nether lip of the belles of St. Louis. On four out of five the indentations of their teeth are perceptible, having callous spots not unlike those on the hands of those engaged in manual labor, and detracting materially from the beauty of their face and the flexibility of the mouth." On inquiry by a St. Louis reporter as to the reason for this, of one of the young ladies with whom the gentleman relating the incident was well acquainted, it was learned that ladies bit their lips for the purpose of causing the crimson blood to rush forward as soon as the pressure of the teeth was removed, thereby giving the roseate hue of their brunette sisters of southern climes. Soon it becomes a permanent habit and leaves unsightly indentations surrounded by a rim of callous flesh, and marring their appearance. In taking a trip on the Olive street line it was observed that out of eleven lady passengers seven were biting their lips, and all had the unsightly spots referred to. If the process is continued for any length of time the blood refuses to flow as desired, leaving the lips as colorless as the pallid cheek of a pencil-eating school-girl.

A Natural Kindler.

The *Hydrocelice gummifera* grows in the Falkland Islands, as well as in Terra del Fuego, and is known as the "gum plant," because of a viscous substance it exudes in large quantities; this sap is called "balsam," and is used by the natives of the countries where it is found as a poultice for wounds. But its most important property, in their eyes, is the ease with which it can be set on fire, even when green and growing—a matter of no slight consequence in regions where rain falls five days out of every six. In the Falkland Islands, where there are no trees, the natives often roast their beef over a fire of bones—the very bones of the animal from which, but the moment before, the meat itself was stripped—and they use the gum plant to kindle this fire.—*St. Nicholas.*

Wholly New Household Recipes.

To take grease spots out of fabrics, use a small pair of sharp scissors.

The surest way to destroy fleas on dogs is to drown them. Immerse them and the dog in six feet of water for fifteen minutes.

"Cook" wants to know how to avoid the smell of cabbage while boiling. We know of but one remedy. Hold your nose.

To keep mice out of the pantry, have a cat around. But heaven knows how to keep the cat out of the pantry.

A correspondent wishes to know if there is anything that will whiten cotton-flannel night-shirts. Have you ever tried washing them?—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

It Can Cure

It is a fact that remedies almost without number, already contest the claim to cure all the ills that affect suffering humanity. Thousands have found them powerless to work a cure for them.

No diseases have so baffled, all attempts at permanent relief as have Rheumatism and Neuralgia. A long succession of disappointments has made their agonized victims despair of the possibility of cure. For centuries they have been considered beyond the power of medical skill to cure.

And yet we say both can be cured, and that ATHLOPHOROS will do the business. The best proof that it can do it is that it has done it.

It Did Cure

Rev. S. R. Dennen, D.D., pastor Third Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn. Rheumatism had kept him from the pulpit four or five months at a time. He says he had suffered all that one could, and live. He took his first dose of ATHLOPHOROS on Friday; Sunday he was in his pulpit; Monday he was well, and has remained so since.

Rev. William P. Corbit, D.D., pastor George St. M. E. Church, New Haven, Conn., was laid up for two months with Inflammatory Rheumatism, suffering most excruciating torture. ATHLOPHOROS cured him, and he believes it to be infallible.

H. S. Chandler, of the N. Y. "Independent," says Athlophoros cured him of Rheumatism from which he had suffered for a year and a half.

Rev. W. B. Evans, Washington, D. C., says: "I consider its work almost in the light of a miracle. It is a most wonderful medicine. It ought to be spread throughout the land."

It Will Cure

The great question is, Will it cure me? We believe it will. Is it worth trying? You must decide.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

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GAIN
Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently* cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take
KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, remov-

SAMARITAN NERVINE

ing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

THE GREAT
NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

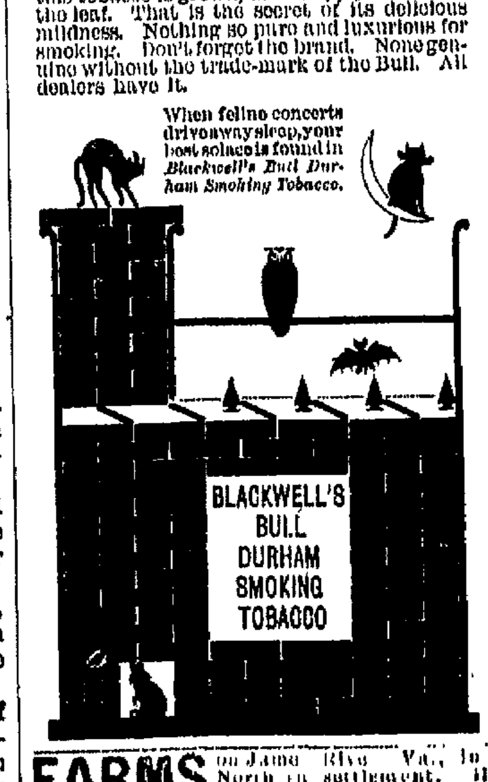
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For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50. (13)

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med Co. St. Joseph, Mo.

Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Analysis by Dr. A. Voelcker, F. R. S., Consulting Chemist Royal Agricultural Society, England, shows only a trace of nitrates in Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco. The soil of the Golden Belt of North Carolina, in which this tobacco is grown, don't supply nitrates to the leaf. That is the secret of its delicious mildness. Nothing so pure and luxurious for smoking. Don't forget the brand. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull. All dealers have it.



FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement. Illustrated circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Va.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
WEST BEDFORD.
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Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangements have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

SOME FARMS FOR SALE.

No. 21, 170 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 5 acres timber; nearly all in good soil; public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1590 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

No. 22, 140 acres—An excellent hill farm; joins village containing stores, good school and two churches; $1800 house; good barn; well watered; no better sheep farm in township; young orchard; good timber; easy of access. Price, $60 per acre, $2,000 cash, extra good time.

Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

TOWN.

No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.

No. 11. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 5 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1500 in thirds. Also, store goods in same, invoice $2500, average monthly sales, $600, stock profitably increased, sell or trade the whole for small tract of l

FOREIGN

100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price $20 to 30. Satisfactory information furnished.

100 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 30 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1500 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.

100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.

100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $30 per acre.

I will select in person 10 acre lots of unimproved tillable or prairie land in South-west Missouri at $65 per lot.

Reference given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.

Aug.18-6m.

FARM FOR SALE.
300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 150 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 30X18, in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 70X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Granary and carriage house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 48X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

G. W. NORMAN, Aurora, Nebraska.

June23-tf.

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When every other remedy has failed there is hope in Peruna. Thousands are now in the enjoyment of perfect health from its use who had been given up hopelessly to die by physicians and friends. In consequence of its nice adaptation to the support of weakened organs it is the only medicine needed in all the common ills of life.

-PERUNA-
Invariably Cures Chronic Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Vertigo, Sickness of the Stomach and Biliousness. For Diseases of the Kidneys and all diseases caused by them, take
-PERUNA-

Peruna is producing a revolution in the history of medicine which will only end when its use will be exclusive and universal. For "The Ills of Life," address S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Price $1. 6 bottles $5. Directions in both English and German. No. 3.

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Patent Lawyers,
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Specialty:—Patent causes before the Patent Office and the Courts. Reasonable terms. Opinion as to patentability, free of charge. Send for circular.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

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LIVERY STABLE,
In rear of Central House,
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Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses ons trusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call! B. F. SELLS.

THE BEST HOMES
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ALONG THE LINE OF THE
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Through the Great Wheat-Belt of America.
40 Million acres of the best agricultural, mineral, forest and grazing lands in the United States are now open for settlement.
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20 Million acres of Government lands open to settlers FREE.
The Northern Pacific Country possesses great and rich natural resources ready to be developed into profitable industries.
For maps and pamphlets address and ... this paper
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Land Commissioner N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.
To reach the above named ... on the Northern Pacific ... from Chicago to St Paul ... North-Western ... Pacific depot at St. ... ton to take. Do not ... over the Chicago ...

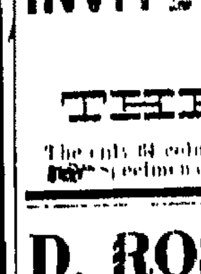
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Office in room occupied for a number of year in Roscoe, by Dr. M. Johnson. Calls promptly answered.
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NOW IS THE TIME
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Secure Clothing
At Your own Price,
As we are Selling out Winter Goods at Cost to make room for
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SOMETING NEW
ON SOUTH THIRD STREET,
THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.
All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in No. 1 style and at reasonable price. All kinds of
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Moldings, &c.
Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line. may5-6m.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD



TRADE MARK.

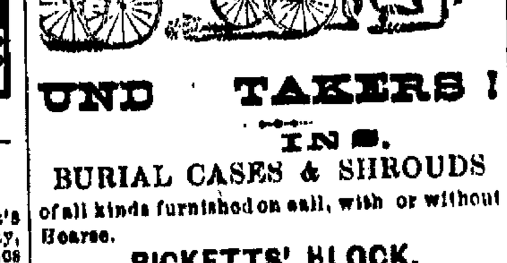
Can positively be cured by using DR. P. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY. A new compound, entirely different from all other preparations. It is in the form of a fine ointment which is easily applied in the nostrils and ears, and reaches the seat of the disease by absorption. Pleasant to the smell, and most efficient in operation. For Hay Fever, also impaired Hearing, Sight, Smell and Taste, produced by Catarrhal disease, it is a positive cure. The most noted Physicians and prominent Druggists all over the land have given it their endorsement. We have the unsolicited testimonials of hundreds of prominent and reliable men, who have been permanently cured. Do not be humbugged by nostrums, prepared by the inexperienced and unreliable, but insist upon having this Excellent Remedy, compounded by a Physician who has made this disease a study for 30 years. Two to four bottles generally sufficient to effect an entire cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded. It is a positive cure for Ear-ache. For sale by Druggists. Also sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 50c. Single bottle, package of two bottles, $1.00. Circulars and testimonials free.

Address DR. P. HALL, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 830 State Street, Erie, Pa.

CAUTION.—Beware of counterfeits or imitations. The above Trade Mark will be found on every bottle, and do not buy without it.

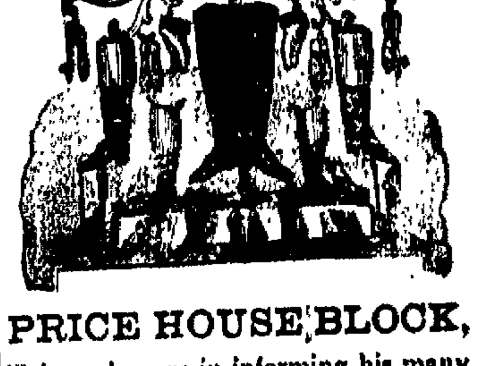
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THE COSHOCTON AGE.
The only 64 column paper in Eastern Ohio, and ask him to become a subscriber. Specimen copy sent to any address on request.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in
FURNITURE
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UNDERTAKERS!
BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS
of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.
RICKETTS' BLOCK,
Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

GEO. T. KAGLE
The People's Shoemaker,



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,
Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

NOTICE TO
TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,
COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

HARDWARE,
BUGGIES and
WAGONS,
—AT—
COST.

E. McDonald intends closing out his entire stock of
Hardware, Buggies and Wagons, &c.,
And will sell at Cost any article he has now on hand.

Unless this stock is sold entire to some one wishing to continue the business, his store room and shops, corner of Main and Third streets, will be for rent as ... can be closed out, as it is his intention to retire from the business.

Any party wishing to engage in this business will find it to their advantage to call on or address,
E. McDONALD,
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Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to suits in Law, Collections and all Law Business entrusted to their care.
Office: On Third St., Opposite Public Square.

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NOTICE.

On the 10th day of January, in the year 1884, the Probate Court of Coshocton county declared the estate of Samuel D. Welling, deceased, to be probably insolvent; creditors are therefore required to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned, for allowance, within six months from the time above mentioned, or they will not be entitled to payment.

Dated Jan. 10, 1884.
GEORGE W. COOPER, Administrator.
Jan18-4w.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

REMOVAL!

D. M. MOORE

Has taken rooms in the Schaich Block, formerly occupied by E. O. Selby, where he will be pleased to see all his old patrons.

ONLY ONE DOOR

From his old Stand.

Goods will be sold **CHEAP** for the next 30 days.

REMOVAL.

A FARMERS INSTITUTE

Will be held at

City Hall, Coshocton,

ON

Monday and Tuesday,

February 25 and 26, 1884,

Under the Auspices of the Coshocton County Agricultural Society.

The following Program has been arranged:

MONDAY, Feb. 25---10:30 A. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Prayer.
3d. Address of Welcome by Jno. A. Compton.
4th. Vocal Music.
5th. Paper by John Wagoner.

1:30 P. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Lecture by Prof. SCOTT---Relations of Agriculture to Political Economy.
3d. Paper by JOSEPH LOVE--Raising Fruit by Farmers.
4th. Discussions on above subjects.

7:00 P. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Lecture by W. I. CHAMBERLAIN---A Few Mistakes.
3d. Essay by Mrs. L. L. CANTWELL.

TUESDAY, Feb. 26th---10:30 A. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Prayer.
3d, Lecture by W. I. CHAMBERLAIN---Educational Influences of Horticulture.

1 P. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Lecture by Prof. TOWNSEND---Education of Young Farmers.
3d. General Discussions.

The above speakers are gentlemen of the best Agriculture talent in the State. Mr. Chamberlain being Secretary of State Board of Agriculture, and Prof. Townsend, Professor of Agriculture in State University, and Prof. Scott President of the University. The lectures will be free, and all are invited to attend.

COLUMBUS LETTER.

Continued from 1st Page.

Mr. Byal (Dem.), of Hancock, arose and addressed the Chair. Mr. Bohl evidently acquainted with what Byal was about to say, called to him, "Don't do it now!"

"Yes," said Mr. Byal, "I must. I was not present at the last caucus, but was at home sick. Had I been here, however, I would have attended. I will not go into a caucus that will compromise a conscientious principle. I shall vote my sentiments and, as I believe, those of my constituents in this matter, and to them alone I am responsible. [Applause by the Republicans.]

Messrs. Cogan and Thompson of Hamilton explained their views. The former said that he with all other Democrats believed the Scott law unconstitutional, and for his part he wanted it repealed. Failing to get this done he would accept this amended bill as the next best thing. Mr. Thompson was in favor of a graduated tax, but would stand by caucus dictation.

The call showed 80 members present. Mr. Thorp demanded a yea and nay vote on the amendments. This was taken and showed 40 yeas, 3 nays (Mr. Byal for one), less than a quorum voting.

Allen O'Myers then assumed the role of dictator. By viva voce vote of his (Democratic) associates he excused all of the Republicans present, some thirty-seven members, from voting. The Chair (Mr. Brunner), in flagrant violation of the rules and all parliamentary law, declared the motion carried. The only thing less than a quorum of members ever can do is to adjourn from day to day until a quorum attend. But had the Chair so held the bill would have gone to the table, and been dead as a herring. It never could have been taken from the table again, since that would require the consent of two-thirds of all the members.

Mr. Littler—I move we adjourn!

This was before the vote was declared, and Brunner paid no attention whatever to the motion.

Mr. Littler (in a thundering tone)—I move that we now adjourn!

The Chair now recognized him, but at Allen O'Myers' instance refused to put the motion. O'Myers claimed that Littler was not present, because he had excused them all until some more convenient occasion.

Mr. Thorp called "the Speaker" several times. The Chair's ears were again as brass. Mr. Thorp had no rights he (or any Democrat) was bound to respect. Brunner at last comprehending the call-sheet and Allen O'Myers' directions, he announced it "40 ayes; 3 nays—37 members present and excused from voting, the report of the committee is agreed to."

O'Myers had crawled up the steps and lay at Brunner's feet directing him what to do.

This virtually settled the contest. Judge Littler denounced the outrage in the terms it merited. What right had the Democrats, thirteen less than a quorum, to disfranchise thirty-seven Republicans?

Allen O'Myers attempted a reply. It was rough in style, words, and sentiment. He was cried down several times by his own associates, but of course had his say at last.

Mr. Bargar moved that the bill be a special order for next Tuesday at 3 o'clock. This, Mr. Thorp reminded him, would require a two-thirds vote, so the gentleman changed his motion to make it simply be read then the third time. A yea and nay vote was ordered on motion of Mr. Thorp, after the most effective speech of the session. He exposed the arbitrary course of the majority in all its baseness. If they could "excuse" Republicans from voting now, and then count their votes to make up a quorum, they could do so all session, and the Republicans might as well all go home. By the decision the Chair had just made, the Democrats, without a quorum (even so small a number as the maker and second of a motion) could expel any and all Republicans by a single resolution. The proposition was simply monstrous, and had never been sustained nor enunciated by any other parliamentary body in the world.

The bill came up for a third reading Tuesday and was passed by Mr. Bohl moving the previous question and shutting off debate. But one Republican (Peert, of Cincinnati) voted in favor of it. Five Democrats voted against it.

THE DEMOCRATIC CIRCUS CONTINUES

The House of Representatives was, the scene of an unprecedented attempt, Monday afternoon, to insult the Republican minority. Sunday had not allayed the deep feeling of resentment kindled in the Democratic heart by the stubborn fight which the Republicans had made on the liquor tax laws, and the subsequent approval of the Journal.

Allen O'Myers was the most disgruntled of the Democrats, and by offering a protest against the conduct of the individual Republicans, led his party into a foolish piece of business which cannot fail to have a damaging reflex influence. This protest was in part directed against the article published in Speaker Hodge's paper in Cleveland, in which the Speaker hauls the Democrats over the coals at a lively rate. The protest was signed by a number of Allen O'Myers' confreres.

Mr. Thorp raised the point of order that said protest was not any act of the House and therefore not admissable. The chair, Speaker pro tem Brunner, decided the point not well taken, and Mr. Thorp then appealed from his decision. A long discussion then ensued, in which on the Republican side Messrs. Thorp, Jones, Littler and Hadley participated, and on the Democratic side Allen O'Myers and Gil Bargar.

It was a disgraceful display of petty spite on the part of the Democrats and justly awakened the deep indignation of the Republicans. Mr. Thorpe put the whole thing into a nutshell when he said:

"The question to be decided right here is, do you believe that any member has the right to enter a protest upon the journal of the House against the act of andividual member, when such act is not in any sense the act of the House? Each member that votes 'aye' indelibly records as his individual judgment that a member may record his personal spleen against another member under the name of a protest against the vote or action of that member."

The vote on sustaining the decision of the Chair resulted: Yeas, 43—Nays, 33. So the protest was spread on the journal.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

Senate bill, by Mr. Crowell, to protect all citizens in their civil and legal rights, came to the House by message Tuesday, and was read the first and second times. Mr. Thorpe moved to strike out the preamble. This was agreed to by a close vote.

Subsequently, the Democrats discovered the word "Democratic" occurred in the preamble, and thinking that this was the reason of the Republican opposition, moved that the vote by which the preamble was stricken out be reconsidered. This prevailed and the motion to strike out was defeated, and under suspension of the rules the bill was read the third time. After several amendments, and a great deal of bickering the bill was passed; the vote standing: Yeas, 95——Nays, 0.

THE REDISTRICTING BILL.

In the Senate, Tuesday morning, the redistricting bill passed, the third reading having occured on February 1. Mr. Ely, of Cleveland, took the floor and in a long speech full of statistics showed the injustice of the measurs as well as the number of people that would be disfranchised. Mr. Jaeger replied and although he is the acknowledged statistician of the House he could not counteract the facts of Senator Ely. Mr. Dickinson then replied to Mr. Jaeger in a well-trimmed speech. Two amendments were offered but voted down from strict party reasons. Short speeches were made by Senators Wolcott, Reed, Williams, Crowell, Evans and Gregg and then the bill was placed on its final passage and passed—yeas 21, nays 10, Senator Reed, Democrat, voted nay.

The bill providing for the removal of the power to appoint the watchmen and attendants about the State House from the Governor came back from the Senate to the House by message amended so as to provide for the appointment of those officers for a term of two years unless removed for cause. Mr. Stevenson, the author of the bill, spoke in favor of the amendment and the bill was then passed; yeas 55, nays 40. The bill is now a law and the Republican soldiers who have been filling those places so acceptable may as well pack up their valises.

FARRAND.

A Lady's Perfect Companion,

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH, a new book, tells how any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to prevent and overcome morning sickness, swelled limbs, and all other evils attending pregnancy. Physicians highly recommend it as the wife's true private companion. Send two-cent stamp for full descriptive circular, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address, FRANK THOMAS & Co., Pubs, Baltimore, Md.
Jan10-p3m.-1y.

Are you Billious? Try the remedy that cured Mrs. Clement of Franklyn, N. H.—Hood's Sarsaparilla, made in Lowell, Mass.

General Languor.

Among the list of distinguished military heroes, the names of General Languor and Debility do not appear. Yet it is a well authenticated fact, that there are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats feebly in the arteries. The spirit of the individual is sleepy and the whole tendency of the body is toward rest and decay. At such times and during such seasons, the system needs toning up with some good and pure tonic which will restore the organs to the wonted state. Such a tonic is found in PERUNA, which is acknowledged by all to be the very thing to put those famous generals to rout and to ultimately conquer them. Read the following testimonial, which shows in what estimation PERUNA is held, and then send for the book entitled the "Ills of Life."

COAL CENTER, PA.

DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co.—We sell your medicine PERUNA, and have a very large trade on it.

C. PIPER & CO.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle free to all Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St, Phila., Pa
CANCER INSTITUTE, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa Go to it.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

Drunkenness Cured.

It is generally presumed that when a man is cured of some infirmity, or complication of diseases by the use of our medicine, that he knows a good thing when he sees it. It is stated by those who know that a monkey cannot be induced to partake a second time of any drink that contains alcohol. It appears as if the memory of the pangs and tortures first inflicted exert a beneficial influence upon the animal. Man is quite different in this regard and a glance about us will show, that numbers of our friends and neighbors are daily becoming the worse by the use of intoxicants. This can be remedied by the moderate use of a well known remedy called Peruna. If the medicine is taken daily, the appetite for liquor will be finally removed, and the patient, no matter what his previous condition, will be restored to sobriety and to society. Yes, Peruna is a great medicine, and should be used by all. Send for it.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1 a bottle; six for $5.

Time to Stop it.

It's too bad, Sir or Madame, but don't get frightened, your hair is falling off—that's certain. A glance in the mirror or an investigating committee of fingers tell the dismal story. We won't discuss the possible cause. It is enough that Parker's Hair Balsam used now will prevent further destruction. Is your hair somewhat gray, too, and crisp? Alas, yes. The Balsam will give back the original color, softness, and gloss. Not a dye, not oily, elegantly perfumed, a perfect dressing.

ADAM'S FALL.

Ever since Adam's fall which subjected human nature to diseases of the flesh, there has been a demand for a blood purifier. We all realize the fact that upon the purity and vitality of the blood depend the health and vigor of the whole system, and that disease of various kinds is often only a sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause; hence a blood purifier is of greater importance to the people than is generally supposed. We are pleased to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla bears unmistakable proof of being this sort of a medicine and we think it worthy a trial.

WATCH!

The human body is like a watch—in order to give satisfaction it must keep perfect time. The main spring, the stomach, must be looked after carefully. Broken stomachs must be mended and weak ones strengthened. Burdock Blood Bitters used freely and perseveringly will give you a very satisfactory time piece. Sold everywhere.

T. C. TAYLOR & CO,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

224 N. COMMERCIAL STREET,

Saint Louis, Missouri.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING ORDERS FOR

Corn, Oats, Bran & Wheat.

Correspondence Solicited.
Feb2-3mo.

Farm For Sale.

One of the best Agricultural and Stock Farms in Caldwell county, situate 4 miles west and 2 miles south of Kingston, and 1¼ miles east of Mirable, containing 310 acres. 110 acres in the farm proper, and 100 acres of timber and blue grass pasture land, 40 acres of it fenced; has 2 good dwelling houses, one has 10 rooms and a cellar, a good barn and other out buildings; the other one has 6 rooms (one not finished), stable, crib, etc., and the finest bearing apple orchard of select fruit in the county, of about 8 acres. A healthy location and the best water, and in a good neighborhood. It is well watered. Title perfect. Price, $35.00 per acre. See diagram at this office. For further particulars call on or address,

ELIAS LANKFORD,
Mirabile, Mo.

Feb2-3m.

Notice of Intention to Build a Bridge.

In compliance with section 877 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Coshocton county have decided to build a bridge across the Walhonding river at or near what is known as the Rodehaver ford, in New Castle township.

Petitions and remonstrances for or against the location and construction of said bridge should be filed in this office and the same will be considered. By order of the County Commissioners.

J. W. CASSINGHAM,
County Auditor.

Feb. 9, 1884.

RUSKIN'S WORKS.

Sesame and Lilies, paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 25 cts.

Crown of Wild Olive, paper, 10 cts.; cloth. 25 cts.

Ethics of the Dust, paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 25 cts.

Sesame and Lilies, Crown of Wild Olive and Ethics of the Dust, in one volume, half Russia, red edges, 50 cts. Modern Painters, Stones of Venice, etc., in preparation. Large catalogue free.

JOHN B. ALDEN,
Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

We Say we Do, But DO We?

Look at this and see. No sham, no blow, but an actual fact, for the

NEXT 30 DAYS

We will make the following sweeping reductions:

Men's all wool Beaver Overcoats, former price $13.50, now 10.00, Brown, Blue and Black. Men's heavy wool Chinchilla Overcoats, Brown, Blue and Black, former price $9.00, reduced to 6.50.

Men's fine light colored Ulsterettes, former price $10.00, now 7.00.

Men's fine Corkscrew Overcoats, green steel mixed and black, former price, $16.50, reduced to 11.50.

Men's fine diagonal, serge lined Overcoats, former price $18.00, reduced to 12.50. Men's handsome, satin lined, melton Overcoats, green, black and blue, former price $25.00, now 18.00

Youth Overcoats.	formerly		$12.00,	now	9.50
"	"	"	10.00.	"	7.75
"	"	"	8.00,	"	6.25
Boys	"	"	9.00,	"	7.25
"	"	"	6.00,	"	4.50
"	"	"	4.50,	"	3.00
Childs	"	"	5.50,	"	4.00
"	"	"	4.25,	"	3.00
"	"	"	3.50,	"	2.25
"	"	"	2.75,	"	1.50

And so on through our entire stock, we have made similar wonderful reductions. Come in and see who are truly liberal hearted, it will pay to buy an Overcoat and hang it up for next year's use.

DAVE & IKE,

PALACE CLOTHIERS, FORBES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel......	100
Apples, dried, per pound........	5 to 6
Butter, per pound..............	20
Bacon, sides, per pound........	10
Beans, per bushel..............	2 40 to 250
Beeswax, per pound.............	25
Chickens, per pair, spring.....	50
Corn Meal, per sack............	35 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb...	10
Eggs per dozen.................	30
Flour per sack.................	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country.........	12
Honey per pound................	15
Lard per pound.................	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush...........	2 00
Potatoes per bushel new........	40
Peaches, dried, per pound......	6 to 7
Shoulders per pound............	8 to 8½
Salt per barrel................	1 40
Tallow per pound...............	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old....	95
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old......	95
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new......	1 00
CORN—..........................	60
OATS—..........................	40
RYE—...........................	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX..........	6 45
Per Sack, XX...................	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel................	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—........................	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—............	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack..........	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 163 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1860, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 3 50a3 75 good, 3 25a3 50; medium, 2 50a300.

APPLE BUTTER--per gal, 50a65c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a22c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 30a33c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 20a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS--Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6 1-2a7c, Peaches, halves, a6½78 4c re dito, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS--Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS--Strictly Fresh, 36a3;6 pickled 20a36.

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20 to 22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS--Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY--Live chickens 50 a55 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 35a40, live turkeys per lb. 10a11c dressed chickens per lb 9a11c; dressed turkeys 16a16½c dressed duck 12 18c.

POTATOES--Early rose, per bush. 55cts: Burbank 50 a 45c: other varieties 45c.

RAGS--Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS--Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 5 75a6 00, for small; 6 25a6 50 for large.

TALLOW--Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT--Prime Red Winter, 1 10a112; Medium, 1 08a110.

CORN--High mixed Shelled, 60a61; Yellow Shelled, 60a58; Ear Corn, 60a62.

OATS--40a41c for white, 35a37c for mixed.

RYE--Choice, 60a62.

BARLEY--80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75c, a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED--White Middlings, 20 00a 2300; Course, do, 15 00a 18 00; Seconds, 1300a18 50;

HAY - Prime Timothy, baled, at 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 12 00a14 00 Prarie 8 00a8 50

Live Stock Markets.

The floods here so delayed mails that daily papers have not been received, and as a consequence no late Live Stock markets can be given. The quotations for early in the week are as follows:

CATTLE.	
Extra 1,300 to 1,400 lbs........	$6 40a6 60
Good, 1,200 to 1,300 lbs.........	6 25a6 40
Good 1,000 to 1,100 lbs..........	5 25a5 50
Stockers and feeders.............	4 25a5 00
Bulls and cows	3 50a4 75
SHEEP.	
Prime 100 to 110 lbs.............	$5 30a5 75
Good 90 95 lbs...................	4 60a5 00
Common 65 to 80 lbs..............	2 00a300
HOGS.	
Extra Philadelphias..............	$6 50a6 70
Fair Philadelphias...............	6 20a6 40
Best Corn Fed Yorkers............	6 15a6 25
Common to fair Yorkers...........	5 75a6 10
Roughs...........................	5 00a6 00

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of **Consumption.** His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that **Consumption** can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this recipe free, only asking two 2-cent stamps to pay expenses. This Herb also cures Night Sweats, Nausea of the Stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CRADDOCK & Co., 1,032 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

NOTICE.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction, on the

6th day of March, A. D., 1884,

At 11 o'clock A. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate situate in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, to-wit: Being lot numbered fourteen (14), in the third (3) quarter of the seventh (7) township and sixth (6) range, as the same was surveyed into lots and farms, estimated to contain one hundred acres.

And I will also offer for sale, on the same day, at 2 o'clock P. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate, situate in the county and State aforesaid, to-wit: The north half of the south-east quarter of section eleven (11), in township seven (7) and range seven (7), estimated to contain eighty acres.

The first described of said tracts appraised at $4,700.

The second described of said tracts appraised at $2,000.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third in hand; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the day of sale, with interest from date. The deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

JOSEPH FINLAY,
Adm'r, of the estate of John Shannon, dec'd.
Jan26-4t.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction, on Saturday, the 15th day of March, A. D. 1884, at 1 o'clock P. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate, situated in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and in Adams township, and being part of the south-east quarter of section two (2), township six (6), range four (4), of the unappropriated lands in the Military District, subject to sale at Zanesville, Ohio, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone in the center of the Danville road, which stands north 84 1-4 degrees west, 86 links from a stone which stands in the center of said road thirty feet, north 5 degrees east of the north-west corner of lot No. 90 in the town of Bakersville; thence north 84 1-4 degrees west, one and 70-100 chains to a stake in said road; thence north 50 degrees west, eleven and 50-100 chains to a stone in said road; thence north 48 3-4 degrees west, two and 22-100 chains to a stone in said road; thence south 6 1-4 degrees east, eight and 93-100 chains to a stone; thence south 67 1-4 degrees east, three and 27-100 chains to a stone; thence south 75 1-2 degrees east, nine and 31-100 chains to a stone; thence north 20 degrees east, two and 74-100 chains to place of beginning, containing seven and 43-100 acres, more or less.

Appraised at $1100.

Terms of Sale:—One-third in hand, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the day of sale, with interest. Deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

ALEXANDER LOVELESS,
Executor of the last will of Stephen H. Loveless, deceased. feb9-5t.

Legal Notice.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of John W. Barkhurst. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly authenticated to the undersigned for allowance.

February 5th, 1884.

MARTIN G. HACK,
Assignee

Feb9-3w.

DAKOTA

THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN Railway, now has for sale nearly FARMING LANDS of the Chicago in the famous Garden Spot of Southern Minnesota and Dakota, at from $3 to $8 per acre. On TERMS that are within the reach of everyone.

LANDS!

Secure a new farm in the best grain region in the world, and leave the marshes, stumps, stones and worn-out lands of the East. Don't wait, now is the time to buy. Going rapidly, and prices will advance soon. For maps, guides, and all information, apply to CHAS. E. SIMMONS, Land Com. C. & N. W. Ry Co., Chicago, Ill.

MINNESOTA

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

NEW SEEDS! CHOICE FRUITS!

All of the best, both new and old. Plants, Trees, Vines, Seeds, &c., by mail, a specialty. *Safe arrival guaranteed.* 60 choice, cheap, $1 Sets, for example:

12 ROSES SPLENDID Ever-Blooming $1

30 PACKETS CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS, $1.

For the other 58 $1 Sets and 1,001 things besides, send for our illustrated Catalogue of over 100 pages, Free. *None better nor more reliable.* Established 30 yrs. 500 acres. 21 large Greenhouses

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884

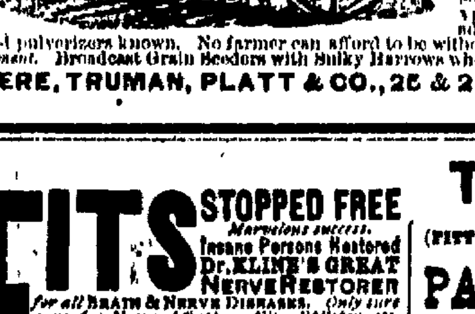
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all.

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

CHAMPION GRAIN AND FERTILIZER DRILL



POSITIVE FORCE FEED DISTRIBUTER

SPECIAL DEVICE FOR PLANTING CORN FOR THE CROP.

FERTILIZER ATTACHMENT!

Unequaled and warranted to distribute accurately, evenly and easily any commercial fertilizer, wet or dry.

Draft light and easily handled—construction simple—material and workmanship the best.

We also make the Whipple Spring Tooth Sulky and Floating Harrow, Cultivators, Etc., Etc. The Harrows are adapted for use in all kinds of soil and are the best pulverizers known. No farmer can afford to be without one. *Ample time given for trial before settlement.* Broadcast Grain Seeders with Sulky Harrows when desired. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

CERE, TRUMAN, PLATT & CO., 25 & 27 Merwin St., Cleveland, Ohio.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great Success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PATENTS

R. H. MARBLE,
(Late Commissioner of Patents.)

Obtains patents for inventions in this and foreign countries. Will also attend to patent cases in the United States Courts. Office, 1 St Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

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TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

(Corrected January 13th, 1884.)

Trains depart at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.
Western Express..........	*12:12 p. m.
Mail Express..............	*5:27 p. m
Cincinnati Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line.................	*3:15 a. m
Columbus Accommodation....	†6:34 a. m.
Local Freight.............	†8:20 a m

GOING EAST.

	Depart.
Limited Express	*1:48 a. m
Day Express...............	*2:19 a. m.
Eastern Express...........	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line.................	*3:12 p. m.
Dennison Accommodation....	†7:10 p. m.
Local Freight.............	†12:50 p m

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 26 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager, Columbus, O.
E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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